

Catholic Digest

A black and white photograph of three young boys. The boy in the center is holding a large, dark, flared horn or megaphone. The boy on the left, wearing glasses, is looking up at the horn. The boy on the right, wearing a plaid shirt, is looking down at a small object in his hands. They are all looking intently at the object, which appears to be a small bottle or container. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

JUNE 1958

35¢

*Byways
of Rome*

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the LIVES of saints

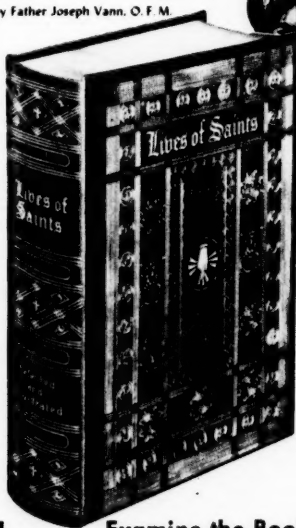
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Mothers have remarked, "Who but this author would have thought of SUCH an approach to this delicate subject?" Following a book review, Christian mothers and other parent groups often order at quantity prices for their organizations.

HIGHLY ENDORSED

In the book, you see generous praise by Msgr. E. J. Westenberger, Ph.D., Sup't of Catholic Schools, Diocese of Green Bay, Wisconsin, and book review by St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, which concludes: "The work is highly recommended to parents by a number of cautious priests."



A Doctor wrote: "The Story of Life says the most in the fewest number of words of anything I have ever read. As a physician I know only too well the need of such early instruction to save mankind from many pitiful experiences."

Excerpts from Msgr. J. D. Conway's review of this book in the Catholic Messenger are as follows: "I don't mind giving him (the author) a free assist because this book well deserves a boost. It will prevent the curious little mind from experiment, shame, and a feeling of guilt. And above all, it will establish that confidence and frankness which is going to be so necessary 10 or 12 years later when real problems arise, and thus will save teen-agers from coming to me or some other priest with questions they wouldn't dare ask mother."

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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.

This Is College?

Sputnik and the population boom call for more education and less fun and games on the campus

THE NEW SCHOOL for Social Research in New York City offers a course called American Show Business. High point of the year for the lucky students taking it probably comes during that part known as "field research," which calls for expeditions to night clubs and burlesque theaters. The catalogue makes no mention of an expense account.

Today's Horatio Alger hero wouldn't dream of beginning his career by looking for a job as an office boy. Why should he, when he can start off at the middle of the economic ladder by taking a college course in Front Office Procedure (first semester, 2 hours, HR 105E)? And if our hero makes good, he can move up; well, not to Chairman of the Board, perhaps, but at least to Advanced Front Office Procedure (second semester, 2 hrs, HR 106F. Prerequisite: HR 105E). Both of the courses are offered at Boston university.

But suppose that executive pressures get him down? Why, then he'd best transfer to the University of



California at Los Angeles, where he can get a course in Principles of Recreation, described by the university catalogue as "a consideration of the philosophy and foundations of recreation." If he finds this course more to his liking, he can go on to Recreation Survey, "an examination of the fields and methods of recreation research." On the other hand, if he's fed up and wants to chuck the whole business, he can switch to Special Problems in Folklore without even changing schools.

The University of Chicago (from which Robert M. Hutchins, a former president, repeatedly lashed out at professionalized college football and drum majorettes) offers a course designated Pictures, Popcorn, and Profits. It undertakes to instruct young men in the intricacies of operating a motion-picture theater. Not to be outdone, New York university gives a course entitled Fencing and Swordcraft for the Stage. And Columbia

university offers one in Audience Appraisal.

But getting down to earth, so to speak, Boston university tempts the aspiring sophomore with Fundamentals of Real Estate I & II (both sems. 6 hrs.). And the Denver Extension center of the University of Colorado follows the same line by offering a course in Common Sense.

At the University of Georgia, certain classes are held in a pool hall. The course, which evidently follows modern principles of educational synthesis, is called Bowling-Billiards. Half the class plays billiards while the other half bowls; then they swap tables and alleys.

Believing that colleges should "indoctrinate their students in the fine points of football," the University of New Hampshire has just begun to offer a seminar in football for freshman students. While the frosh look on, the varsity scrimmages and the coach explains the plays.

Always forward-looking, Harvard offers a Master of Science degree in Data Processing. To qualify, candidates must demonstrate an ability to pick the best of electronic brains. But the San Diego Naval Training center settles for a four-day Cup-Vending and Coin-Changer Trouble-Shooting and Maintenance course.

The preceding examples were culled at random from American college and university catalogues. It is unlikely that they represent a genuine cross section of higher educational curricula. And many pre-

posterous-sounding courses may be perfectly sound college subjects dressed up in trick names to attract students. The course in Common Sense, for example, could be merely the sugar-coated version of an old but salutary pill known for a good many years as "elementary logic." And it is only fair to mention that the courses in Front Office Procedure are part of a sequence in Hotel Management. Many of the other courses probably lead to one or another of the "professional" degrees, which signify that the holder has learned how to do but not necessarily how to understand.

Most college snap courses got started in the 20's. American colleges had expanded rapidly to accommodate the great numbers of 1st World War veterans taking advantage of the first GI Bill of Rights. It was generally agreed at that time that a man who had fought for his country was entitled to the best; and by the best, most Americans meant opportunity. But the veteran boom lasted only a few years, and the greatly expanded colleges and universities were faced with a problem in sustaining their enrollments. Comparatively few college scholarships were available. The easy way was to water down college courses so that students who had the money but not the brains for college could be admitted, and quite a few institutions succumbed to the temptation.

Now, in this post-Sputnik era, many Americans are haunted by the

fear that the Russians may have forged ahead of us, at least in science. And Americans have reacted typically for calling for *more*, for a crash program of education that will produce more scientists than the Russians are producing.

President Eisenhower has appealed to Congress for what he terms "emergency" action to help the nation's schools and colleges meet the growing need for scientists and engineers. He asked for a five-year program under the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare costing \$882 million a year in addition to the \$79 million already in the budget for the National Science foundation's science-education project.

The President recommended that federal financial aid be made available to state and local educational systems for these purposes. 1. Testing programs to identify the potential abilities of students at an early age. 2. Guidance services to encourage the abler high-school students to go to college. 3. A federal scholarship program. Some 10,000 scholarships would be made available immediately, and the program would gradually be increased to allow for about 40,000 scholarships annually. Preference would be given to mathematics and science students, but others could qualify. 4. Special salary supplements to retain present math and science teachers and to attract new teachers to these fields. 5. Special grants to schools and an increase in

graduate fellowships and scholarships to increase the supply of college teachers. 6. Encouragement of the teaching of foreign languages, particularly those of the nations of Africa, Asia, and the Near East. 7. To provide more information about educational progress by improving the collection of statistical data.

Other Americans are putting pertinent questions. Granting that what is needed in higher education is *more*, they would like also to ask, "Higher education for whom?—and for what?"

Right now, we have about 1,900 colleges, junior colleges, and universities in the U.S. They were built during the last 300 years. (Yes, some of them are older than our nation itself.) They range in enrollment from the University of California system's 42,000 to Marlboro's (Vt.) 29. They have a total of nearly 3.5 million students and more than 225,000 teachers. They take in and spend about \$3 billion a year.

In 1920, a boom year, there were 598,000 students in U.S. colleges and universities. But in 1940, when we were just emerging from the great depression, the number had grown to 1,494,000, and by 1950 that number had nearly doubled, to 2,559,000. The best estimate is that by 1970 more than 7 million young men and women will be trying to get into college. If the tidal wave of 2nd World War babies is to enjoy the same educational opportunity as their parents, America will have to

double present college and university facilities.

But not all educators go along with the idea that what American higher education needs is simply "more." Some of them feel that new selection and admission policies must be devised so that every *qualified* high-school graduate will have a chance to earn a degree. Says Pres. Louis T. Benezet of Colorado college, "Given a certain minimum of ability, which is often lower than we care to admit, those who should go to college are those who really want to go to college—those who have a clear understanding of what college really is. This does not mean because it is the social thing to do, or because the old man expects it, or to make more money."

James H. Case, Jr., president of Bard college, would admit "virtually everyone to college who applies," and then, at the end of the freshman year, "weed out mercilessly all those who fail to respond."

Dr. Harold C. Urey, Nobel prize winner, declares bluntly that most college students "should never have gone to college."

Other educators are turning hard looks, not at college applicants, but at college courses. Pres. Carroll V. Newsom of New York university has said that too many college catalogues "abound in trivia." Athelstan Spilhaus, dean of the University of Minnesota's Institute of Technology, has called for an end to what he calls the "three T's"—typewriting, tap

dancing, and tomfoolery." And his critics have challenged him to name a single higher-educational institution that includes these subjects as part of the regular curriculum.

Dr. Alan Lehman, associate professor of English at Wisconsin State college, Eau Claire, is opposed to the attitude which regards traditional subjects as too difficult for young minds. This leads, he says, to "watering down English and calling it 'communications.'"

Others are asking, "What is the ultimate aim of higher education? Is it to train people for leadership, or to acquire special skills, or to understand the universe, or what?" Many college catalogues list as at least one of the objectives "training for leadership."

Terry Ferrer, education editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, passes on a current educational joke. "A father wrote to a woman's college asking that his daughter be admitted as a freshman. With unusual candor, he said, 'She is not what you would call an outstanding leader, but she does follow well.' Back came a wire from the dean. 'Your daughter accepted. Have admitted 329 leaders for next fall's freshman class, and desperately need your girl as only follower.'"

Still other educators feel that the great need is for more and better guidance, particularly for entering freshmen. Some college catalogues have come to resemble those of mail-order houses, vying with one another

in presenting attractive lures in the form of "interesting" courses. The student looking for a hard core of essential education may become like the proverbial donkey who starved to death, unable to choose between two attractive bales of hay. College administrators are trying to meet this situation by assigning regular faculty members to guidance and supervision programs. And most institutions now have curriculum committees, made up of representatives of

several departments, which can accept or reject courses to be offered in the curriculum.

The present examination of conscience that is taking place in American higher education seems likely to produce wholesome results. If out of the present soul searching, satisfactory answers are found to the old questions: "Who should go to college? What should they learn there?" perhaps the Sputniks will not have proved so menacing to us after all.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

The woman who had just moved into a new house in our pretty little suburb had been preceded by rumors. As one gossip put it, "She's no better than she should be." I'll call her Nora, because that's not her name.

Thanks to the wagging tongues, none of the neighbors made any effort to be friendly to Nora. However, my five-year-old Nancy felt different about the matter. "Mother, why is everyone so mean to the new neighbors?" she asked. "May I take some of our flowers over to them?"

"Why, of course, dear, you do that," I answered, pleased by her thoughtfulness.

Nancy hiked over to the new house, carrying a bunch of nasturtiums behind her back. I watched as she approached Nora and gracefully presented the bouquet with a shy "These are for you."

Nora first looked puzzled, then a big smile broke over her face. Soon the two were laughing and talking together like old friends.

A short time after, a flu epidemic struck our family. At one time we were all in bed, and I was casting about desperately for household help. I was near despair when the back doorbell rang. I slipped on a robe and answered it.

There stood Nora. "Heard you were sick and thought you could use some help," she said. "Get back to bed and don't worry. I'll take care of the house."

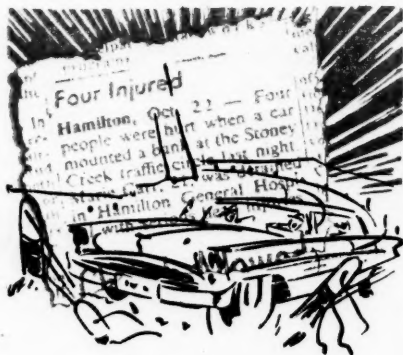
Our new neighbor had proved to be "all that she should be." Kathleen Turner.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

The Girl Who Grew Up Twice

An auto accident made her a baby again

Speeding caused the accident in which Marie Carr was injured. She was a passenger in a car that failed to make a turn at a traffic circle and went out of control. Three other persons were injured, none seriously. The driver, who carried no insurance, was found guilty of careless driving and fined \$25. His driver's license was suspended for six months. The story made just seven lines in the local paper.



OCT. 22, 1956, was just an ordinary Monday morning. My husband had gone to work. I was sorting the wash, at the same time enjoying the early-morning sun shining through the kitchen window. I made a mental note to clean the streaky panes later in the day. As it happened, those panes did not get washed until the following spring.

As 7:45 the phone rang. "Long distance," a voice said, and then, "This is Hamilton General hospital. Your daughter was seriously injured in a car accident last night and was brought here by ambulance. Can you come at once?"

I clung to the receiver. There must be some mistake. It couldn't be Marie! Why, she would be getting ready for work at this time! A year before, our daughter, then 20, had left our home in Bethany, Ont., to work in a Toronto bank.

I called my husband and my married son at their work. The three of us started out on the 150-mile drive almost at once. At times, we were too stunned to talk. Again, we would make plans to bring Marie home.

Although we had been told that she was badly hurt, it was a terrible shock to see her. She was almost unrecognizable. She was suffering from

*481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. March, 1958. © 1958 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corp., and reprinted with permission.

a brain concussion, and her jaw was fractured in three places. Her face had a grotesque expression.

She was unconscious, and remained so for nearly three weeks. Because she was in a state of deep shock, the doctor asked us to stay close to her. If she should wake at all, it was most important that someone she would recognize be there.

Doctors and nurses were doing everything possible. Dr. R. A. Hughes, a neurosurgeon, had already taken charge of her case, and we asked him to stay on because we knew no doctor in Hamilton.

We remained in Hamilton four days. In the middle of the week, when we were told that no change was likely for several days, our son went home to his wife and two children. My husband and I stayed until the following Sunday. Most of the time we spent pacing corridors, or sitting in Marie's tiny room, calling vainly to her in her coma. Once in a while I would pick up something to read, but I will never know what was in the periodicals. Sometimes we just sat and looked at each other, afraid to speak our thoughts.

On the seventh day, the doctors decided to set Marie's jaw, even though she was still unconscious. They had not done so before for fear her body could not stand the additional shock, but now it had to be done anyway, though there was no improvement. That day seemed endless, and yet we had a strange sense of calm. Later we were told of

the special prayers offered in the churches at home. I do believe that it was the united prayers of all our friends that gave us comfort and courage.

The jaw setting was complicated by the fact that one of the fractures was fragmented. Marie's teeth were wired and plated together, and crisscross wires held the jaws in place.

Three weeks after the accident Marie finally regained consciousness. Up to that time she had required special nurses, and one of the family was always there, talking to her. "Marie," we would call, "if you can hear us, just squeeze our hand. We know you cannot talk." Finally one morning we thought there was a little pressure. The next day she slowly moved one eyelid. Later her eyes opened, but remained fixed and unseeing.

That night we had the first word from the doctor that she might have a chance to get well. As days passed, her breathing became more normal, and finally vision came into her eyes; for one split second, she smiled faintly.

She became difficult to care for. Her right side was paralyzed, but she moved the left one incessantly, trying to sit up, falling back, threshing around until she wore herself out.

She never made a sound. We kept talking to her, encouraging her. "You can't talk, dear. If you hear us, you must just smile or move a hand."

We could see the muscles working in her throat. Finally, we heard the first sound. It sounded as if she were trying to say "Daddy."

Dr. Hughes was as excited as we were. "If she is trying to talk, that means the brain isn't permanently injured." No words could describe our joy and thankfulness.

At the beginning of the fourth week the doctor told us that Marie was well enough to be moved to a hospital near home. She was transferred to Peterborough Civic hospital and placed in the care of our family doctor, Dr. G. M. Longfield. He told us later that although he had received instructions from Hamilton, her appearance shocked him. Marie had been a vivacious person; now she wore a lost, expressionless look. From her normal weight of 126 pounds she had gone down to only 89. Before she left the hospital she could walk the length of the corridor, with help, although the right leg trailed badly.

During all this time her memory had not returned. Once she became conscious, she could always recognize her family. The very few close friends who were allowed in to see her she could call by name, but in half an hour she would have forgotten they were there.

On Dec. 16 we brought her home from the hospital. She had become very uncooperative over the therapy treatments. Special nurses were still needed, and we worried about expenses. Our doctor agreed that home

surroundings might help her mental condition.

Once at home, Marie took no interest in anything. She had no pride in her personal appearance, and had to be told to comb her hair or wash her face and hands. But she would talk, and that gave us hope. If she could make the effort that it took to make sounds, her brain was working.

Some days she would just sit in a corner looking at us like a little lost animal. Again, she would play with her cards or child's picture books. She couldn't stand noise: even the clock and the telephone frightened her. We couldn't have the radio on, even for the news. She had loved music; it seemed dreadful to us that now she couldn't stand the piano.

We tried to get her to go outside, but the out-of-doors terrified her. Inside, she felt safe. Then, one memorable day, a ten-year-old neighbor boy came to see her, and said, "Won't you come for a walk in the snow with me?" With no hesitation she went with him and from then on walks were part of her daily routine.

Christmas came and went. It meant nothing to her.

Gradually, she seemed to realize that she was at home. Then, for days we went through another stage, when she would get up from a chair and come over and touch our faces. "It's all right, mommy, I just wanted to know if you were real." That would happen a dozen times in an afternoon. Then she would seem "lost" again.

One day, a friend of ours brought a beautiful doll for her. Her delight in that doll was something to see.

In February she began to improve more rapidly and would go out more to neighbors' homes. Then one morning she got dressed (with help) and walked over to the radio and turned it on, as if it was the usual thing to do. I managed to conceal my surprise. She didn't know she had done anything out of the ordinary.

That night when her father came home from work, the radio was blaring away like old times. How happy we were to have music in our home again!

She had to learn to read and write all over again. The reading came quickly but the writing was difficult because of the paralysis.

Figures meant nothing to her. She couldn't do the simplest arithmetic problems. But one day we brought out our bank passbook, showed it to her, and said, "Something is wrong here." She took the book and, as we watched in amazement, added up both debit and credit columns. What had once been routine came back to her subconsciously.

She had to learn to grow up! Dr. Hughes had said we must not baby her, so we began to think up things for her to do on her own.

Once I asked her to go to the grocery store for a loaf of bread. The store is only two blocks away, and I could watch her from our kitchen window as she went. My heart ached for her. It was such an

effort: her first trip outside alone! I watched through the window as she stood uncertainly on the porch. Finally, she was on her way.

I telephoned the storekeeper. He met her at the door and made a big fuss over her. She was so excited that she had forgotten what she went for, but that didn't matter; he knew. She also asked for two candy suckers just as a six-year-old might have done. She came home from her big adventure so pleased with herself that I knew I had been right in urging her to go. Next day she asked, "Is there something you need at the store, mommy?" Each day she went shopping.

We were glad that we lived in a small town, where Marie was known and loved. Everyone had a part in her getting well. If we had lived in a city we could not have trusted her to go out by herself.

In July she began a long series of sessions with the dentist. When the work was finished, she had a new lower denture and the improvement in her appearance seemed to give her confidence.

All summer she improved steadily. Today her weight is back to normal and her eyes sparkle again. She walks almost without a limp. Her arm is still heavy, but she can throw a ball with some control. She is beginning to play the piano again.

Last September she started work as a junior clerk in our local bank. She had forgotten everything about banking routine, but the manager is

giving her special help. Her writing is still laborious and she is very unsure of herself, but having to do certain things at a stated time is good for her. And as one friend put it, "We are all so happy to see Marie trying that we wouldn't mind lining up the length of the street to wait for her to enter our passbooks, if it will do her any good."

The doctors had said that only after a year could they predict the out-

come of her accident. The year is over. It began in near despair for us, but ended with every hope that Marie will soon be able to enjoy a normal life. Now it is like watching a butterfly emerging from a chrysalis, its wings reaching out for the warmth of the sun. The sun is beginning to shine through the darkness that our daughter plunged into that October night when careless driving so nearly ended her life.

KID STUFF

Ten-year-old Jimmy had been away at camp two long, agonizing weeks, and when he got home his doting parents asked anxiously if he had been very homesick. "Not me," he replied airily. "Some of the kids were though—the ones who had dogs."

Mrs. Deane Binder.

An expert in education from the state university was to visit a local school, and the principal had warned all the teachers to see that their classes put on a good performance. "I hope everyone will have his lessons well prepared on the day Miss Smith calls on us," one teacher told her class. "She has a Ph.D. in Education, you know, and after she has heard you recite, she is going to write up reports on each room in the school."

"What's a Ph. D.?" 12-year-old Johnny asked in a hoarse whisper of his friend Peter, across the aisle. "Is that some kind of a doctor?"

"Yes, I think so," came the reply. "But not the kind that does anybody any good."

Journal of the American Medical Association (25 Jan. '58).

"I hear you have a little sister?" a neighbor asked four-year-old Bobby.

"Yes," answered little Bobby.

"Do you like her?"

"I wish the baby was a boy, 'cause then I could play marbles, baseball, and other games with him."

"Then why don't you exchange her for a brother?"

"Can't," Bobby answered. "It's too late now. We've kept her for four days."

F. Frangart.

The Cobbler and the Archbishop

A humble Jewish shoemaker helped fashion a great priest

THIS IS THE STORY of a kindly Jewish cobbler and an alert Irish boy who grew into a great priest of the Church. It is the story of a touching friendship that bridged two generations and two religions.

In New Britain, Conn., where the two once lived on opposite sides of Lawlor St., people still talk about "old Sam" Greenberg and his young friend. Sam is dead now, but his friend still lives, archbishop of one of the greatest sees in America. He holds dear the memory of his friend.

So dear, he said recently, that he has a horror of publicizing it. In keeping with his wishes, the modest archbishop will not be named; in this story, he will be called Jack, although his real name is more distinctly Irish than that.

The story begins in Kiev, Russia, more than a half century ago. Samuel Greenberg was a young cobbler. When the czarist government began slaughtering Jews, Sam set out for America.

He came alone to Hartford, Conn. He walked ten miles to New Britain

carrying a battered satchel. There he opened a shoe store in a poor neighborhood.

Occasionally he would sell a pair of shoes, but mostly he repaired old ones. If his neighbors couldn't afford to pay, Sam would mend their shoes free. Whenever he heard that a child couldn't attend school because he didn't have shoes, he promptly gave the youngster a pair.

"We'll end up in the poorhouse," protested his young bride, Sonya.

"I found heaven in America," smiled Sam. "It's more important to



*285 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Feb. 16, 1958. © 1958 by Parade Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

live a good life here than just to become rich."

Sam took a fatherly interest in all the youngsters in the neighborhood. Whenever they committed boyish pranks, such as tipping over a thirsty lounge's pail of beer and running away, they could always hide in Sam's store. Sam never told on them.

But some of the children were unkind. They teased Sam because of his poor English, because he kept the Sabbath on Saturday and went to the synagogue.

Among the neighborhood boys was 12-year-old Jack, who lived with his widowed mother and his brother across the street from Sam. Jack didn't see Sam, or anyone else, as an object of ridicule. He deeply respected the simple cobbler. A thoughtful lad, he was impressed by Sam's philosophy that there was more to this life than living by bread alone. Jack's gasworker father had died when Jack was young. The boy soon became very fond of the shoemaker.

One day Sam said to Jack's mother, "Open a grocery store downstairs; with God's help, you'll make a few pennies to send Jack to school." The plucky woman took his advice. Her store soon prospered.

Sam grew to love Jack as a son. "The boy has something special," Sam confided to Sonya. "Jack isn't like other kids."

For one thing, Jack was more versatile. He was an excellent student, and a nimble baseball player (he could run 100 yards in ten sec-

onds). And he was quick with his fists, if need be. One day he used them on a bully who had slandered Sam.

Sam and Jack had long talks while Sam worked. They discussed their respective religions and Sam's youthful dream of becoming a rabbi.

"Education is the greatest thing in the world," Sam used to tell Jack. "You can lose money, but you can never lose your education." Many evenings when he returned to his cobbler's bench, Sam saw Jack studying by lamplight across the street.

When Jack was an altar boy at St. Mary's church, he told Sam that he wanted to enter the priesthood. Sam encouraged him. "You'll make a wonderful priest. The world needs people like you to do God's work."

After some study at St. Thomas seminary in Hartford, Jack went to France for further study of theology. He was recalled to this country at the start of the 1st World War, and completed his training at St. Bernard's seminary, Rochester, N.Y. In 1916, he was ordained at Hartford.

The young priest's first assignment was as an assistant pastor in a nearby town. In 1919, he was called to an important office in the Hartford diocese. For 15 years, he served there. During that period, he regularly visited his mother in New Britain. Each time, he dropped in to see his old friend Sam. The learned priest and the unschooled cobbler discussed the universe, just as in the old days.

In the 30's, Jack was consecrated bishop of another New England diocese. He was the youngest bishop in the U. S. Sam frequently visited him in his new city.

Meanwhile, during the depression, Sam lost his shoe store. But he paid all his bills and decided to spend all his time doing charitable work. He organized the Hebrew Free Loan society, which lent money without interest to needy persons of all faiths.

Almost singlehanded, Sam launched dozens of local projects, ranging from a Golden Age club for the elderly to a Christmas toy collection for children. Despite his patched pants and soiled ties, he was made a welfare commissioner, a park-board member, an adviser to mayors. He was dubbed Mayor of Hartford Avenue. Hundreds came to him with troubles. "People never even talked to Socrates as they did to Sam Greenberg," a Hartford editor recently recalled.

One day, Sam breathlessly read in the newspaper that his friend Jack had been appointed archbishop of one of America's most historic sees. Sam, a keen student of Catholic history, was delighted. "I've always told Jack that that was the place for him," he exclaimed to Sonya.

Sam was sick in bed while arrangements were being made for the installation ceremonies. One morning, invitations arrived for him and Sonya. The archbishop also sent railroad tickets. Sam jumped out of bed. "I'm not sick any more," he said.

Sam probably didn't realize that only a few of the archbishop's many friends and relatives could be invited. The basilica seated only 800, and hundreds of churchmen and laymen had to be accommodated.

At the railroad station a priest met the aged pair and drove them to the cathedral. They were ushered into a reserved pew. Around them were archbishops, bishops, governors, senators, and mayors.

Sam was awestruck by the medieval splendor. He had read many of Jack's books on Church history, but he never had dreamed that the installation of an archbishop was such an impressive ritual.

The ceremony began, a ceremony that was ancient when America still was a wilderness. A century-old bell tolled overhead as the organ and choir rang out *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* (*Behold the Great Priest*). The new archbishop was led to his marble throne after a young priest had read, first in Latin and then in English, the papal decree of appointment. From the apostolic delegate to the U. S. the new archbishop received the symbol of his office, a golden crosier.

After his elevation, the archbishop walked slowly down the aisle, blessing clergy and laymen. A quarter of the way down, he saw Sam's face. Handing his crosier to an attendant, the archbishop stepped out of the procession.

At Sam's pew, he leaned forward, placed his hand on the old man's

arm, and said affectionately, "Hello, Sam. How are you?" Sam was too dumbfounded to answer.

The new archbishop rejoined the procession. He greeted no one else by name.

Sam Greenberg's face remained flushed. His lips trembled. "Hot tears fell from my eyes," he said later. "It was the greatest moment of my life."

That evening, Sam and Sonya were invited to a dinner reception for the archbishop. A kosher meal

had been especially prepared for them. The archbishop invited them to remain as his guests for a week, but they could stay only two days.

A few months ago, the archbishop celebrated the 10th anniversary of that day. The humble cobbler who had helped to shape his character could not be present this time, for Sam Greenberg died recently. One of the happiest memories Sam took to his grave was his bond of brotherhood with another very humble man.



THAT NEW-TIME RELIGION

Religion today has reached the heights of popularity. It is as much the rage as pizza, the sack look, or the swept line. You open your bank statement, and among the cancelled checks is a poem on church attendance.

Is all this good or bad? Do the words *spiritual* and *popular* belong in the same sentence? I would answer both Yes and No.

Let me tell you the story of Mother Maria of Paris, a nun. When the Nazis overran France, Mother Maria joined a secret organization of priests and Religious dedicated to rescuing Jewish children. In January, 1943, the nun's mother was arrested.

During an angry interrogation, a Gestapo agent said to the old woman, "You educated your daughter very stupidly. She helps only Jews."

"That's not true," the nun's mother replied. "She helps all those in need. She would even help *you*, if you were in trouble."

Mother Maria was caught later that year and sent to a concentration camp. But she went on helping as before—with a kind word, a morsel of food, or a prayer. She was last seen alive on March 31, 1945. It is reported that she exchanged her precious Aryan card with a Jewish woman chosen for the gas chamber.

Popular religion may give us many things, but it will never give us a Mother Maria. Precisely because she paid for her religious beliefs with her life did she rise to religious heights. For true religion reaches to the heights of God and from this vantage point views humanity as one. Popular religion may be purchased at bargain rates, but true religion is paid for with blood, sweat, and tears.

Rabbi Bernard S. Raskas in the *Jewish Digest* (March '58).

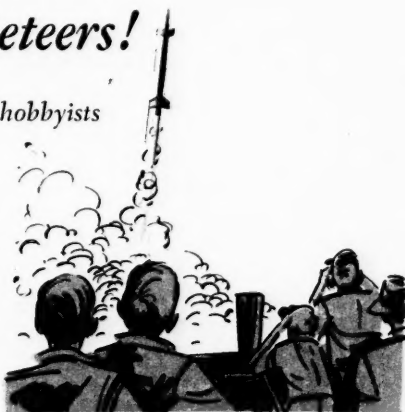
Take it easy, rocketeers!

We need live scientists, not dead hobbyists

AN URGENT WARNING needs to be made about a brand-new youth problem. All over the U.S., eager teen-agers are constructing rockets and watching them whoosh into the sky. Those kids have good intentions, but they are flirting with death. Homemade rockets with homemade fuels can be deadly.

Some 10,000 youths already have banded together in several hundred rocket clubs. The fad is spreading like a prairie fire. Groups are especially active in California, New York, Florida, Texas, and Illinois. And nobody can count the thousands of other youngsters who are working by themselves or in twos and threes.

A tragic accident occurred outside a high school in Floydada, Texas. A chemistry instructor was demonstrating how a rocket works. The youngsters were enthralled. A moment later there was panic. The rocket didn't fly into the sky. It exploded, killing the teacher and injuring a number of pupils. Unless something is done, deaths and injuries are going to mount.



Even as I write this article, there is news of another accident. Samuel Leinhardt, 14, was compounding rocket fuel in the bedroom of his Brooklyn home. A blast tore off two fingers and part of a third. Only the day before, Samuel had tried to launch a rocket on the roof of his apartment building and there had been an explosion there, too. That time, nobody was hurt.

If I had sons instead of daughters, I'd want them to know about rockets. But I would no sooner allow them

Mr. Sutton is president of the American Rocket society. He is chief of preliminary design at Rocketdyne, a division of North American Aviation, Inc., which builds engines for many ballistic missiles.

to fire live rockets than I would give them a loaded hand grenade to use as a football. Samuel K. Hoffman, general manager of Rocketdyne and vice president of North American Aviation, agrees with me. Mr. Hoffman, one of the world's top experts in the field, told me that under no circumstances would he permit his own son to fool around with live rockets.

"I wouldn't even let my staff of trained specialists try the things some of these kids are doing with rockets," he said. "They scare me stiff."

They scare me too. Twice I have narrowly escaped death or injury in accidents with some of our earlier rockets. Some of my colleagues have been killed or severely hurt in rocket explosions, and they were thoroughly experienced engineers and technicians.

Where, specifically, does the menace lie? You've probably heard some warnings recently, but I want to spell out the dangers. Parents must know the answers when this new problem comes up, as it will in thousands of homes this year.

The chief hazard lies in the fact that practically anyone can go out and buy the materials for a home-made rocket, complete with fuel that explodes.

The casing, or body, is fashioned from a cardboard cylinder, any standard aluminum pipe, or even a length of balsa wood. Although the youngsters can't get the propellants used

by the big rocket companies, they can obtain some darned good substitutes.

The explosive mixtures can be concocted from everyday household materials, plus chemicals which are readily bought.

As for the specific perils, I am going to be deliberately vague in describing the steps. No youngster will be able to construct a live rocket on the basis of what I will say, but parents, I hope, will get a clear enough idea of where the worst hazards lie.

ST. CHRISTOPHER GUIDES VANGUARD

The gyroscopic guidance device in the navy's successful Vanguard satellite was supplemented by a specially installed device invoking divine guidance. A St. Christopher medal was wired to the base of the gyroscope package in the second stage of the rocket. The Vanguard was sent into orbit on St. Patrick's day, March 17.

The technical modification request was approved after it was submitted on the same form required for any design change. The form was signed by the Catholic engineer who had suggested the change, F. Paul Lipinski, and by 11 others, among whom were Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. The change was made at no cost to the government, the expense being met by contributions from the field crew.

New York Times (18 March '58).

The kids use two general types of fuel to propel their devices, liquid and solid.

Liquid fuels. The youngsters can use gasoline, benzene, alcohol, or even cleaning fluid. Then they need another chemical to mix with it. They have a choice of several, each of which they can find without trouble in a high-school chemistry laboratory or even the corner drug-store.

These two chemicals are stored in separate tanks within the rocket. They are then expelled in a special way into a combustion chamber. It is this burning which gives the rocket its upward thrust.

Now if the two chemicals are not properly ignited, or if the igniter is not properly timed, you can get an explosion. Bits of casing can fly out in all directions like shrapnel.

Solid fuels. Here the kids make either a sort of chemical cake or "black powder," which was used many years ago as gunpowder and is a potent and useful explosive. To make black powder, youngsters start with charcoal or even plain sugar. Then two other easily obtainable chemicals are mixed in and they have their fuel. Other mixtures can be made from well-known chemicals available in any city.

This solid stuff is more perilous than the liquid variety, because it can go off if improperly mixed or loaded, and the boy is right there next to it. He has his hands on the material, and if there is a blast at

such close quarters—need I say more?

There is an answer to the problem. The danger *can* be eliminated. I have a two-point message for youthful rocketeers. (Fellows, please listen to me: I know what I'm talking about. And parents, please sit in on this.)

1. Stop handling live rockets. Stop trying to compound new and different kinds of propellants. Stop loading and firing.

Did you know that pound for pound many of the rocket fuels used by amateurs are more powerful than TNT? I tell you this not because I don't have confidence in your ability, but because the explosives themselves are so ornery. And chances are you're breaking the law. Setting off explosions within municipal limits without proper authorization is illegal in most communities.

For the long pull, the American Rocket society is working on a program which would permit young people to get some firsthand experience with rockets. The society is conferring with representatives of industry and the military services on a plan whereby their test facilities would be thrown open to you. There you could have the opportunity to see professionals prepare and test real rockets. You could observe, hear, and smell the real thing under proper supervision and the safest possible conditions. We do not have this arrangement worked out yet, but we are extremely hopeful that it can be done.

2. Study rocket principles and design. Work with harmless models rather than hazardous fuels. Study, read, and collect information on rockets, the upper atmosphere, space navigation, or aerodynamics. It is just as rewarding to prepare a good technical paper or to solve a problem on the drawing board. I know. I've had the fun of solving a few problems myself.

James W. Samuel, a 17-year-old youth of Quakertown, Pa., is just one of the lads who have done challenging research in rocketry which did not involve firing. He did original work on the effect of micro-meteorites, or meteoritic dust, on

man-made satellites. He displayed his findings at the recent Lehigh Valley State fair.

One final thought. I realize I have sounded ominous throughout this article, but the last thing I want to do is discourage you from an interest in science. We all know that what you begin to learn now can be mighty important to this country a decade or two from now. Zeal to study will produce the engineers, inventors, and astro-scientists of tomorrow, and heaven knows we need them.

But be smart. Play it safe. The nation needs live scientists, not dead ones.

In Our Parish

In our parish five-year-old Mary had come to school for the first time. No doubt her mother heaved a sigh of relief as she hurried back to her twin boys of three and her babies aged two and one.

"Do you know any prayers?" Sister asked. Mary thought hard.

"I only know the one my mommy says," she answered.

"Say it for us," Sister said.

Mary folded her hands and closed her eyes. Then with great fervor she intoned, "O God, give me patience!"

Mother St. Thérèse.

In our parish the archbishop used to stroll by frequently on his afternoon constitutional. One morning as he walked leisurely through our neighborhood he saw a small boy run up the steps of a house and stretch to reach the doorbell.

The archbishop saw that the boy couldn't quite reach the bell, so he stepped up onto the veranda and rang it himself.

"Thanks," the boy shouted. "Now run like heck!"

Miss Helen Cleary.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

The Unknown God in Moscow

Elementary truths about religion are new and exciting to the Soviet man in the street

MY FIRST contact with the people of Moscow, outside my hotel on the evening of my arrival, persuaded me that one thing worth doing during my two-week stay was to talk to Russians. Addressing a passer-by was enough to involve a foreigner in a five-hour conversation with anything up to 100 people. And in every conversation, with unfailing regularity, I was asked, "Do you believe in God?"

On that first evening I had been replying for some two hours to questions: about the teaching of Russian in English schools; the Russian faculty at Oxford; Soviet films in London; what the English newspapers write about Russia; which newspaper is directed by Mr. Macmillan, and, if he really doesn't direct any, then which one does he read; which are the most popular Russian authors in England; are people fond of the queen, and what is she like?

Then I was joined by an English miner who asked me to interpret for him. We spent the next hour or so



discussing English working and living conditions. Eventually a young man asked us if we believed in God. The miner said he did not; I said I did. We asked him if he did. "Oh, no," he answered.

Katherine Blair went to Moscow with the British delegation to the World Youth Festival last year. The delegates were free to go where they pleased, and she used her opportunity to talk to as many Russians as she could.

*128 Sloane St., London, S.W.1, England. Aug. 24, 31, and Sept. 7, 1957. © 1957 by the Tablet, and reprinted with permission. This article is also one of two comprising the Sword of the Spirit pamphlet, "God and the Russians."

"Quite right," said the miner, "a 20th-century attitude."

I translated, and added that I thought it was rather a 19th-century attitude.

"Quite right, lady," said several people.

"What do you mean?" asked the young man.

I said something about the naïve 19th-century faith in science which people still swallowed whole. There were nods of approval among the older people, while the younger ones listened with interest. Then the same young man asked if there were many young people in England who were Christians. I told him that, though there were very many who were not, there were Christian movements among young workers and students which were rapidly growing.

From the crowd came murmurs of "That's good."

"And what about here?" I asked. "How many people are Christians?"

"All," said one woman.

"Perhaps about 40%," said the young man.

"It's impossible to say," said someone else, "but certainly there are very many."

"None; we don't believe in God," said one person.

The next day I set out with a friend to visit a certain church. When we asked the conductress which was the nearest stop, a man asked us why we wanted to see a church rather than Soviet factories. We said that factories did interest us,

but that at the moment we wanted to see the church.

"It's a beautiful church," said the conductress, "and anyhow I think it's wonderful that you are interested in churches."

By this time several other people had joined in the discussion. They were all arguing so hard as to whether or not it was a good thing we wanted to see the church that they forgot to tell us when to get out.

"Oh, we've missed it," said the conductress. "Never mind, there's another very good church three stops farther on. You can get off there and look at it and then go back again in another bus."

When we got off the bus we were accompanied by a young man. He said he was a Marxist, and that the conversation had so fascinated him he must go on talking to us. So we went together to the church, discussing life after death. A funeral service was in progress. The singing was beautiful, and the church was fairly crowded. After a bit, the Marxist came up to me and said, "It is lovely. When you come here, you start to believe in God despite yourself."

On another occasion I went to see the churches of the Kremlin, three of which are now open as museums. Services are not held in them, but it was interesting to see how many people blessed themselves upon entering. Most of the people looking around inside the Church of the Annunciation were Russians, among them a charming old gentleman who

was explaining the icons and frescoes to his small granddaughter. I remarked to him how beautiful it all was.

"Yes," he said, "it is wonderful. It is the perfect fulfillment of art, not like all this new social art. This is perfect art because it is founded on belief in God."

We talked for a few minutes about the paintings, and about how the saints on the walls seemed to be waiting for the day when the church would again be used.

Several other people were now listening to the old man's explanation. When they heard I was from England they started asking questions about what kind of Church there is in England, and whether many people go to church.

"But what difference is there between the Catholic Church and the Orthodox Church?" someone asked. I said that the most important things, the sacraments and all the basic dogmas, were the same, and that the schism had happened originally through psychological and political differences. They were interested in liturgical differences, and several were delighted when I told them that the Easter Vigil is like the Orthodox service.

"But all religions are the same," said someone. "What difference is there between Mohammedanism, for instance, and Christianity? They're all equally abstract." I plunged with some trepidation into the difference, and why Christianity is not abstract,

and during a quarter of an hour the crowd, which had now grown to about 30, listened, apparently with great interest. Never once on this or any similar occasion did anyone laugh or refuse to listen.

The theme was changed rather abruptly when a young man wearing two cameras and armed with a notebook pushed his way to the front of the crowd and asked me who I was. I told him that I was a student of Russian literature. He wrote down all my particulars, and retired into the crowd. The incident did not make me feel particularly comfortable; and the crowd, I think deliberately, changed the subject and started asking the usual questions about England.

When the crowd broke up some two hours later (with the usual "Poor thing! You must be exhausted. We've tortured you with questions. Thank you, thank you.") a young man followed me to the Cathedral of the Assumption. While we were looking at the icons he asked questions about why I believed in God, and what difference it made to my life.

One over-all impression stands out: the fascination which religion holds for the average Russian. Even the students chosen to attend the literary seminar of the Youth festival, soaked as they were in Leninist literary criticism, were interested by the fact that I, a student of Russian and apparently fairly up-to-date in most ways, was also a Christian. Sev-

eral times I was asked about the Catholic Church, or why I belonged to it, or why the Church had been guilty of so many wars and persecutions in history.

Once I was in a Moscow bus with a Russian friend, reading aloud the sermons of a famous 17th-century bishop, and translating them from Church Slavonic into modern Russian as we went along. I suddenly noticed that all the people around us were straining their ears to listen. I wonder if the effect would be the same if I were to try a similar experiment with, say, Bossuet in a London bus.

It is at first sight puzzling that the Orthodox Church, which is so tangibly alive in communist Russia, should be so completely weak as an intellectual force. Persecution and enforced silence can explain only part of this weakness.

A few conversations in Moscow were enough to show at once the crying need for the intellectual influence of the Church and the opening (I am inclined to say *ripeness*) for it.

I was once talking to a delightful group of 12, including a deacon and his family and several other practicing Christians. A young worker declared that, in his opinion, "Anyone who believes in God must be mad—you'll excuse me for saying so—since science has conclusively proved that He cannot exist." The rest of the group were silent, and simply nodded approval when I argued with the young man. It was enough for

me to say a few fairly obvious things about the compatibility of science with belief in God, to give the young man cause to lapse into evidently unwonted silence.

On one occasion I was talking to a professional philosopher, whom I should have expected to have a Marxist answer ready for anything. He was fascinated by the novelty of the idea that the dignity of the individual is based on the fact that he is created in the image of God.

As one priest said, the great responsibility of laymen and priests alike is to be able to "answer all questions." And questions there are in plenty; many priests have hardly a moment of day or night when they are not replying to the inquiries of both Christians and communists. I asked how they thought the problem could ever be solved. "The Church is kept alive in the liturgy and the sacraments," I was told, "and we wait for people to come. The rest must be left to divine providence."

The churches are open, and the congregations, as I saw for myself, do not consist only of the aged. Several persons told me that Young Communist league members come to church, even if it is only when they think no one will notice them. Often, young parents, brought up in the days of open religious persecution, bring their children to be baptized and are themselves baptized at the same time. There are eight seminaries in Russia, all permanently full, and always with more candi-

dates than places. Many of the seminarians come from families with no religious background, and were brought up to consider Christianity a thing of the past. All the churches in which services are held are beautifully kept. It is impressive that the cost of their upkeep, together with the tax payable by each parish to the state, is borne entirely by the congregation.

I only once asked the leading question, "Will 'Holy Russia' become a reality?"

"Who knows?" replied the young priest to whom I was talking. "Of course, that is what we are praying for."

Yet there are many things in the

Soviet Union which seem to indicate that martyrdom, suffering, and the united prayers of Eastern and Western Christendom are already bearing fruit. I do not mean only the crowded churches. There is also an awareness of individual responsibility; a lack of the egoism and materialism which are so widespread in the West; a dedication on the part of young people to work which will help the community; a sincerity in personal relations—in short, a brotherhood which would seem to have nothing to do with materialism. And above all an intellectual liveliness in a search for truth. It is not wishful thinking to see in this a preparation for a Christian society.



TO EACH HIS OWN

A topnotch salesman was bragging about his eight-year-old son to the other men in the office. "He's going to sell more than his dad ever did," he predicted. "He's always figuring out new angles on how to get me to raise his allowance. And you should see how he spends his time watching television!"

"Television? Isn't that rather a waste of time for such a go-getter?" asked one of the men.

"Not at all," replied the braggart. "You see, he watches only the commercials."

Wall Street Journal (28 March '58).

Brown was telling his guests about how he had brought up one of his sons to be a doctor and the other a lawyer.

"You must be very proud," murmured one of the guests politely.

"Right now, it looks as if it might break up the family," replied Brown, shaking his head sadly. "I got hit by a car a while ago. My son the doctor wants to cure me, but my son the lawyer wants me to act crippled so he can sue for damages."

Frances Benson.

The Best Part of Your Trip

It's making friends along the way

THINK BACK on the best trip you've ever taken. What made it so good? Chances are it was the people you met: the gas-station attendant who shared the coffee he was brewing, the friendly bunch from Indiana at the seaside cottage near yours, the lady at the mountain resort who showed your youngsters squirrel nests and deer tracks.

Wherever you go, it's not the scenery, hotels, or swimming that really makes your trip; it's the friends you make along the way.

My wife and I learned that years ago. We were following a little tree-lined river in the Arkansas Ozarks when my wife wondered aloud, "How would it be to live here all year?"

"Let's ask," I said, and stopped the car beside a private boat dock. Across the road, rock-hewn steps led up a bluff to a fieldstone cottage. When we knocked at the door, we met Maddy, a combination of laughter, Arkansas folk tales, and inspired cooking.

We stayed on, of course. Maddy wouldn't hear of anything else. And



we've been back—climbing those steps in every season to learn for ourselves what it's like to live there the year around.

Once, clambering in the West Virginia hills, we stopped at a shack for a drink of water. We spent the rest of the afternoon poring over a family picture album, hearing firsthand the story of a feud as spirited as the famous Hatfield-McCoy fracas.

Another time, by a Minnesota river, we got to talking with a fellow angler, a local man of Finnish extraction, about Scandinavian customs that had survived in America. We ended the day in his family *sauna*, the Finnish steam bath that

normally ends with a plunge into an icy lake or snowbank. It made good conversation later!

Listen to friends telling about their travels and you'll find that people figure in every happy memory. We've set ourselves a travel rule: "Make a friend on every trip." It pays rich dividends, and it's easy at home or abroad.

John Steinbeck once noted that American tourists "with their maps and their dictionaries and their little books of travelers' checks . . . lead sad and expensive lives abroad."

It doesn't have to be that way, but it usually is. Americans drive in busloads to Versailles or the Sistine chapel, follow an American guide through the Tower of London or along the Amalfi drive. They run right past the most thrilling "sight" of all—thousands of private homes along the way.

I'll go out of my way for a marble palace with mosaic floors. But what I'll really savor is a chat with the caretaker over a glass of arrack in a dingy candlelit anteroom. It's not Fort Sumter or historic homes that bring Charleston back for me, but the lilt of Gullah chatter on a cobble street.

I know a Minnesota couple who have been to Mexico six or eight times. They've never stayed at a hotel. "What?" they cry if you suggest it. "And miss the friendly feel of the real Mexico?"

Meeting people on trips doesn't take special skills. One time in Paris

we stopped a stranger to ask directions, and learned that he was an instructor at the famed Cordon Bleu cooking school. We went along with him to an afternoon demonstration class, and came away with fabulous recipes we still use on special occasions.

Another time, we arrived without reservations at a small French-Canadian resort, found the hotels were all full, and turned to the chamber of commerce to find lodging for the night. Eventually we stayed for a week with the friendly family that came to our rescue. Our children still correspond with theirs in an odd mixture of English and French.

The simplest way of all to meet people on your travels is to check with friends. If they have friends where you're going, carry a letter of introduction. Once, I had just 24 hours in Brussels—and a letter from friends. I called the Belgian couple, told them about my introduction, and spent a perfect day at their chateau in the country. Then I drove into Brussels with them for dinner at an historic restaurant. Neither highlight was on any conducted tour I could have taken.

Even without a letter, you need not be shy about knocking on any door, especially in America. Just think how pleased you would be if a stranger at your door announced with a smile, "I'm from Texas (or Vermont or Thailand) and I was admiring the view from your house (or your lawn or your town; it doesn't

matter, just so it's complimentary). I just wanted to tell you." Or you can always ask for a drink of water.

Or just be "lost"—in fact or as a device. A Danish friend of mine once approached a harried-looking American couple near Copenhagen's red-brick Town Hall. "Why, yes," said the husband eagerly when my friend offered his help. "Uh . . . that is . . . well," he finished in a rush, "could you tell us what country this is?" If this tour-happy pair were that lost, my friend decided, they really needed help. He took the rest of the day off to show them around. In Marseilles, once, I crossed the street against a red light, made friends with the cop who rushed up to scold me, and ended up at a local race track with him!

Going somewhere by train or ship is also a fine way to make friends at your destination. Last time I went to the West Coast, I had to cancel my hotel reservation in San Francisco. Some people I met on the train invited me to stay with them. What's more, they knew some Napa Valley wine makers who gave me a super tour of their vineyards and cellars.

More formal ways can be used. You write ahead to the state or local chamber of commerce. Tell them when you'll be there and that you'd like to meet a local family; indicate your interests or the kind of people you'd enjoy meeting. You'd be surprised how local organizations will go out of their way to help. That's the way I met a Texas family whose

ancestors had fought at the Alamo; I got a lot more out of visiting the fort with them than if I'd taken a sight-seeing tour.

It's even easier overseas. Some countries have ready programs, like the Japanese, who have persuaded families in the ancient shrine city of Kyoto to put on ceremonial teas for foreign visitors.

Denmark, Norway, and Sweden maintain more elaborate programs. Sweden at Home and Meet the Danes were organized after the last war as a gesture of hospitality to Allied GI's. Then came the tourists. All you need do is register with the national tourist office on arrival. Mention your special interests so that you'll meet people of similar tastes. (The Danes once introduced an American hypnotist whose hobby was collecting butterflies to a butterfly-collecting hypnotist in Denmark!)

Some countries have no formal program, but every one I've checked has said that its tourist organizations are prepared to help anyone meet a family overseas.

You can help yourself, of course. Many countries have private intercultural groups that serve as wonderful contacts. Some, like the English-Speaking union, and its French counterpart, the Alliance Française, have branches all over America. You can join before traveling overseas. Others, like the Austro-American society or the Dominican-American Cultural institute, can be contacted

when you arrive at your destination.

If you are a member of an organization like Rotary or the Boy Scouts, you can write ahead to the local branch, or call on arrival.

The same holds true for hobbies or professional interests. There is always a club or trade association to help you. The local body you belong to may have contacts with similar ones overseas. The French Government Tourist office in New York City, for instance, publishes a list of associations to guide visitors. If you are a miniature-railroad hobbyist, the French Friends of the Railroads will be eager to meet you. If you are a woman executive, there's a club in Paris composed of French business-women.

Another good way to meet folks on your travels is to bypass the big hotels for a boarding house or tourist home. The British Travel association in New York City, for instance, has a list of London families eager to receive paying guests from overseas. In Buenos Aires I stayed at a *pension* whose English-speaking owner insisted that I come with his family on their motor launch for a day of swimming and lazing in the nearby Tigre river delta.

If you do nothing else on arrival in a strange town, get out of the car and walk. Stroll through main streets and side streets to get the feel of the place. Get into conversation, no matter how or with whom, in shop or tea-room or bar. If you don't know the language, your efforts will make

friends all the faster for you. One of the most helpful people I ever met was a deaf mute who shared a park bench with me in Barcelona. We "chatted" with gestures and fingers on a map. In an hour he had sketched a better tour of the city than I could have worked out on my own in days.

And have you ever thought that the device works both ways—that when you don't travel, you can bring the world to your door?

Tell your chamber of commerce and any associations to which you belong that you are "available" as a host to overseas or out-of-town guests. Call the foreign-student adviser at your nearest college and tell him of your interest. We have 35,000 foreign students who would love to spend an evening or a weekend in an American home. The adviser often will know of other visitors from abroad who are not students. Foreign consulates in larger cities often keep up rosters of people offering hospitality.

We have entertained foreign visitors, and those evenings are highlights, with good talk at dinner and after. A Thai professor of economics, a French newspaperman, an Ecuadorean woman labor-union leader were our last three guests.

One Danish woman summed up our feelings when she was asked why she went to the trouble of entertaining strangers from abroad. "They're not really strangers," she said, "but friends in the making."

Stepovich



of Alaska

PHOTOS BY HENRY A. ... FROM BLACK STAR

When he became governor of Alaska, in May, 1957, Michael A. Stepovich broke a number of records: he was the youngest governor ever, the first native Alaskan, and the first Catholic to be appointed to the position.

Mike is the son of a Balkan immigrant attracted by the 1898 Yukon gold rush. He was born in Fairbanks, on March 12, 1919. He served in the navy during the war, then settled in Fairbanks with his bride Matilda, and started what was soon to be a flourishing law practice.

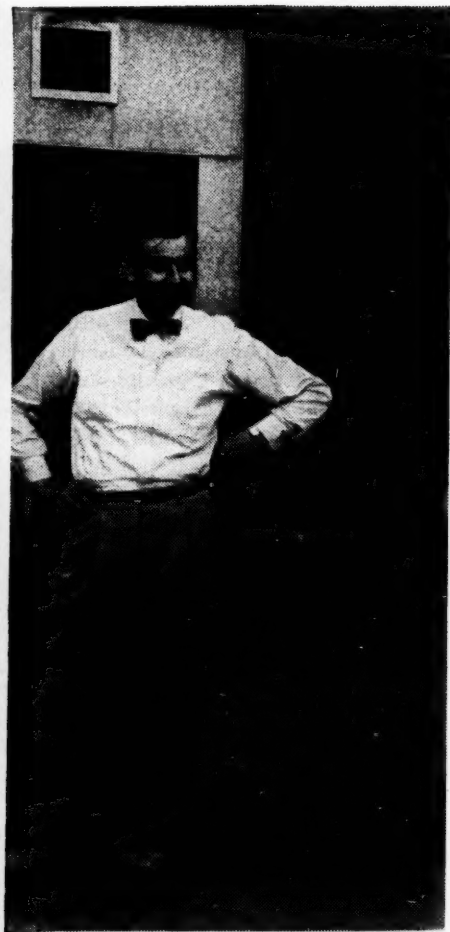
Matilda, also a law graduate, soon had a full-time job at home. When Mike became governor and Matilda first lady of Alaska, the Stepovich children ranged from 8½ years to 5 months: Antonia (Toni), 8½; Maria, 7; Michael, 6; Peter, 4½; Christopher (Chrisy), 3½; Domenic, 1½; and Teddy, 5 months. "God gave us the children," says Mike, "and as long as He was good enough to send them, we're sure glad to raise them."

Mike is the 15th in a line of President-appointed governors stretching back to 1884, and his dearest wish is to be the last, for he is thoroughly in favor of statehood for Alaska. However, he has decided to work within the framework of the Republican party for it. In 1951 he was elected to the Alaska House of Representatives and passed to the Senate in 1953, becoming the minority floor leader.

Mike's long Alaska background

Chrisy (3½) proudly displays the news of his dad's appointment.





Before his appointment, Mike stands in front of his law office opposite the Fairbanks Federal building.

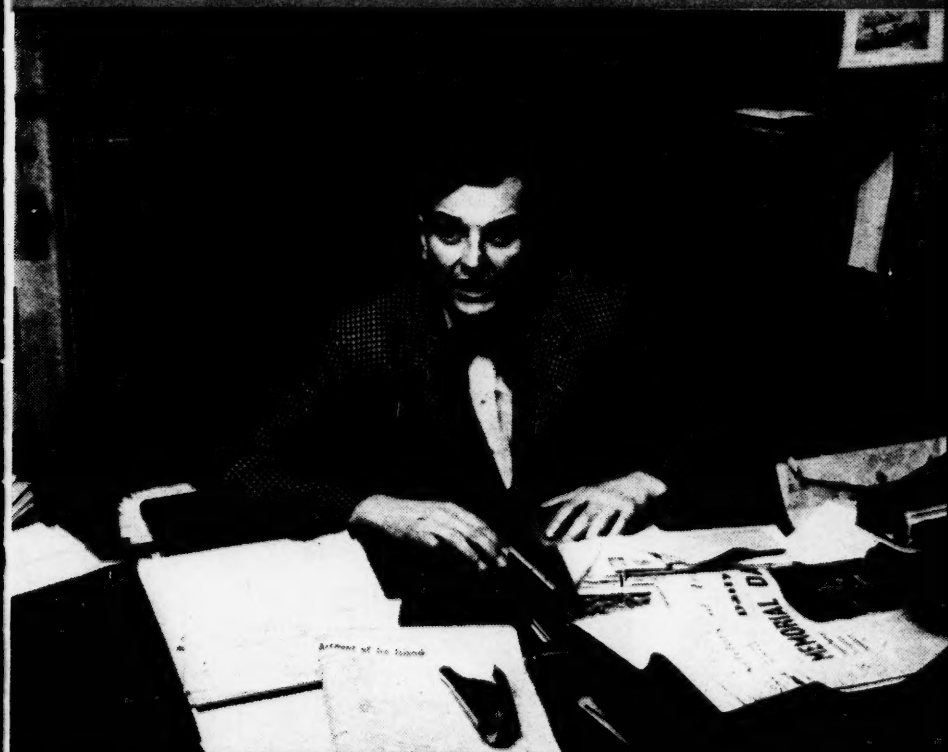
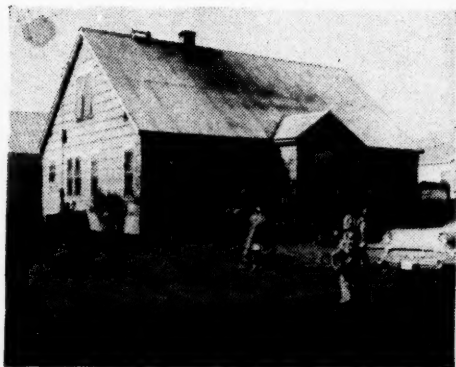
and warm personality helped to send him forward rapidly, from the moment he began his practice as attorney.

His law office was called a "flytrap" by his friends; but in Alaska a man is taken for what he is, not for the pretentiousness of his home or place of business.

Anybody was free to stop by to see Mike merely by poking a head in the door and yelling hello, and most people did just that. As one friend says: "Mike never met a stranger in his life."

The job of winding up the law practice and moving to the 30-room mansion in Juneau was back-breaking, since Mike and Matilda had little more than a week to do it in. Circumstances have changed for the Stepoviches, and material things are now more within their reach. However, Mike's appointment to the highest position in Alaska has not changed his basic philosophy of life at all.

"Religion is to Mike's soul as bread and butter to his body," says Father George T. Boileau, S.J., Mike's pastor in Fairbanks. "He is matter-of-factly Catholic, an outlook which stems largely from his training at Notre Dame. There are several Catholic missions here in Alaska, and Mike has often taken care of gathering parkas and clothes to ship off to them. And there hasn't been a visiting priest from the bush come into town in years without his going to the Stepoviches."



In his old office, Mike had scarcely room to turn, but was always comfortable.



Sunday morning needs careful planning. While Toni and Maria, ready to help, watch Michael struggle with a shoelace, Chrisy runs off to the kitchen.

Mike serves Mass every morning before work.

On Sundays the whole family worships together.

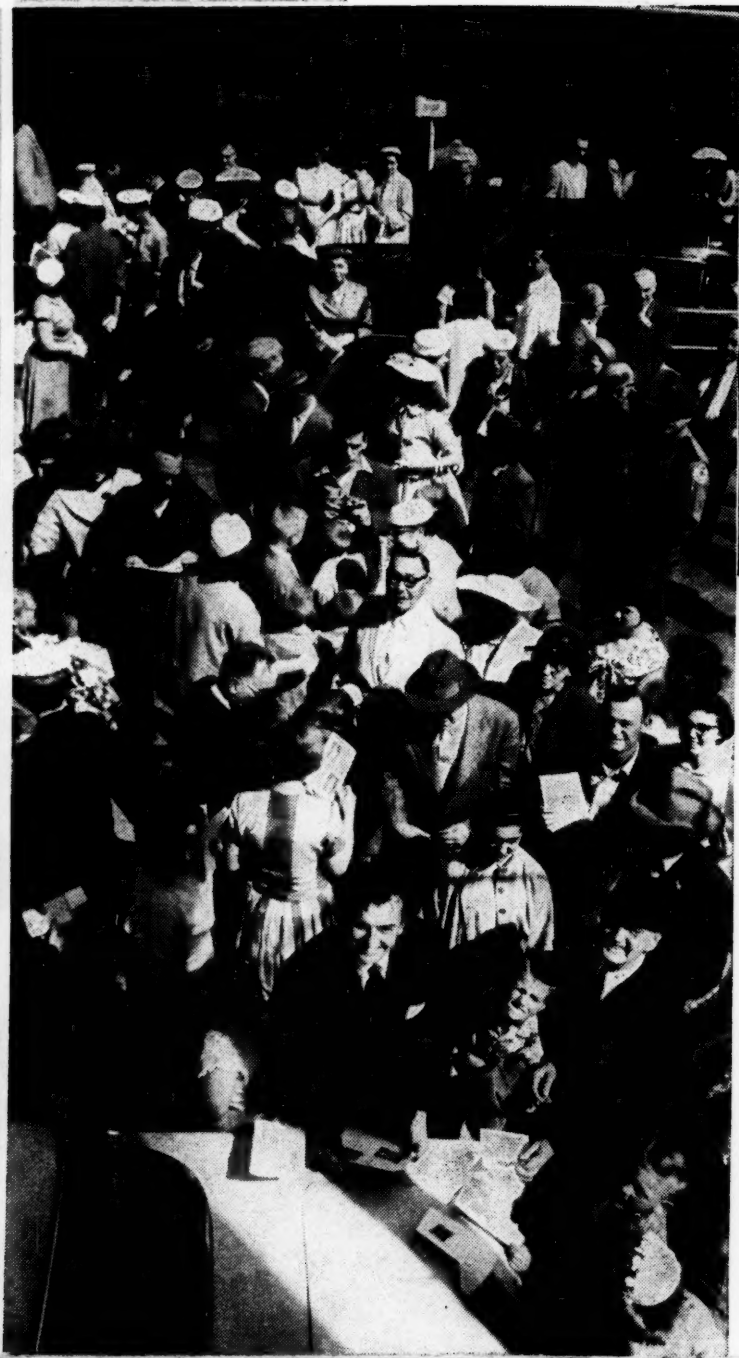




Speedboating on Harding lake, 60 miles from Fairbanks, is the highlight of the summer holidays.

Picnics bring together the Fairbanks families, many of whom are of Yugoslavian descent, like Mike and Matilda.







On their way to the inaugural ball.

◀ *An impromptu reception on Juneau's Front St., after Alaska's new governor was solemnly sworn into office.*

Stepovich is still surprised if people recognize him when he goes shopping.



Last Plunge of the 'Hunley'

When the Confederate submarine went down for the last time she took a Yankee sloop with her

THE TIDE was running out in Charleston harbor the night of Feb. 17, 1864, when seven grim-faced men embarked in a strange craft upon a perilous mission. A steady eastern gale that had been blowing for weeks had become a light breeze. Skipper George E. Dixon steered his boat toward the thicket of spars that marked the blockading Union fleet.

Dixon's boat was the 40-foot submarine *Hunley*, of the Confederate navy. This craft, converted from a boiler, looked like a fat cigar.

It had no air-replenishing system. Its only instruments were a compass and a mercury gauge, the latter to determine depth. Its light was a single candle that soon sputtered out in oxygen-depleted air. Its crew cranked its single propeller; under the best conditions it could make only three knots, so the calm sea was welcome. But there was also a three-quarter moon, and a light fog did not cut visibility as much as Dixon would have liked.

The mission was to torpedo the Yankee steam sloop *Housatonic*,

moored two and a half miles outside the harbor. The *Housatonic* was a spanking new ship carrying 12 guns and a crew of 600; she had been built for the express purpose of catching blockade runners.

Several enemy ironclads stood much closer, but they were unapproachable inside log booms. To reach the *Housatonic*, Dixon and his men had to get past the ironclads as well as innumerable picket boats. Because of many fatal accidents during the *Hunley's* training period, Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, in charge of the defense of Charleston, S. C.,

Most of the facts for this story about Confederate submarines were supplied by Eustace Williams, 84, of Van Nuys, Calif., who wrote about them in his book "Dawn of Modern Warfare." He wrote three other books, and was a newspaperman in Louisville, Ky., a general contractor, football player, and co-inventor of an unsuccessful sugar-cane harvester. He recently turned over all his material on the "*Hunley*" to the "*Nautilus*," first U. S. atomic submarine.

*Times-Picayune-Statesboro magazine, 601 North St., New Orleans 4, La. Feb. 23, 1958. © 1958 by Times-Picayune Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

had forbidden Dixon to submerge the craft. Dixon knew that he would have to disobey his superior's orders.

In permitting the *Hunley* to continue operations, Beauregard had made one more condition. Dixon must tell the men the tragic history of the *Hunley* before letting them sign on: how the submarine had sunk four times, drowning four crews, 29 men, including the man for whom she was named, Horace L. Hunley. This order Dixon obeyed to the letter; yet he had no more trouble than before in getting volunteers.

These were desperate times. In the west, Vicksburg had fallen. On Gettysburg's Seminary Ridge the mangled dead of Gen. George E. Pickett's glorious but disastrous charge marked the high tide of the Confederate cause. Now time was running out on the South.

In Charleston harbor itself, Fort Sumter, where Beauregard's attack nearly three years before had set off the war, was now seriously threatened by the Yankees. Beauregard and Dixon, however, were convinced that if the *Hunley* torpedoed a few Union ships the blockading fleet would scurry away and the North's

stranglehold on the vital Southern port would be broken. Never in the history of naval warfare had any ship been sunk by an undersea craft.

The submarine concept was not new, for several men, including Robert Fulton, had built them. But the only attempt before the *Hunley's* to sink a ship by a submarine during wartime had ended in failure. During the Revolutionary war an American, Sgt. Ezra Lee, hand-cranked the one-man sub *Turtle* out into New York harbor one night and tried to screw a torpedo to the hull of the British frigate *Eagle*; he was foiled by the warship's copper sheathing. The *Housatonic*, however, had a wooden hull.

The *Hunley's* torpedo was a copper can containing 90 pounds of gunpowder. This hung from a steel spearhead on the end of the submarine's ten-foot bowsprit. On the can were triggers to which were attached lanyards that led to the *Hunley*.

Dixon's plan was to ram his bowsprit into the *Housatonic's* side, then back off, leaving the spearhead with the torpedo in the side of the ship. When the *Hunley* was 150 yards away, the lanyards would tighten, pulling the torpedo triggers.



The *Hunley* was not radically different from earlier submarines. It had hatches fore and aft, ballast tanks for submerging, and pumps for resurfacing. It also had a cast-iron keel that could be jettisoned from inside should the pumps fail. It had come by rail from Mobile during the previous summer. It arrived in two sections, wrapped in tarpaulins, for this was the South's secret weapon.

The story of the Confederate submarine goes back to late 1861 and New Orleans, where two forerunners of the *Hunley* were built. The original was intended for the defense of New Orleans. It was designed by James R. McClintock and sponsored by Horace L. Hunley and a few friends.

McClintock and his associate, Baxter Watson, built the sub, a two-man affair, in their machine shop at No. 2 Front St. The Confederate Navy department granted it a letter of marque, making it a full-fledged privateer, when it was still on the stocks.

The craft performed with partial success in Lake Pontchartrain, but could not maintain an even keel. McClintock then built a second model, the *Pioneer*, correcting his mistakes. This submarine was almost ready to be launched when the Union fleet appeared. McClintock sank it in Bayou St. John just before Gen. Ben Butler landed the Yankee occupation troops in New Orleans May 1, 1862.

Hunley, McClintock, and Watson fled to Mobile, where they built a third submarine, a 25-footer designed for a crew of eight. This craft towed its torpedo on long lines behind it; the idea was for the sub to dive under the enemy vessel, towing the torpedo, and then set off the charge when the torpedo was under the target.

When this submarine went out past Fort Morgan to strike a blockader, a squall came up suddenly and the craft was lost, although the crew escaped.

McClintock immediately began construction of the *Hunley*. To hasten construction he used a 25-foot boiler. Meanwhile, the private-enterprise idea had been given up in favor of Confederate-government ownership. The Confederacy decided that the *Hunley* could be used best at Charleston. There a steady succession of tragedies began.

The first crew was training one day with the hatches open when a steamer, the *Etiwan*, passed. Her wake swamped the sub, and it sank; all eight crew members drowned. The commander, Lt. John Payne, escaped.

The submarine was raised, and another crew volunteered even as the bodies of their comrades were being laid on the wharf. Meanwhile, for secrecy, headquarters for the operation was moved from Chapel St. dock across Charleston bay to Fort Johnson.

The second crew had just boarded

the *Hunley* one day when the steamer to which she was moored, again the *Etiwan*, got under way with no advance warning. She sideswiped the *Hunley*, which sank, drowning six of the crew. Payne and two crewmen escaped.

When Horace Hunley, then in the Confederate army, heard of the two sinkings, he volunteered to command a third crew. To avoid further mishaps, he got his crew from among the mechanics at the machine shop in Mobile where the sub had been built. Once more headquarters was moved, to Stono river, several miles from Charleston.

In training one day Horace Hunley put the boat into a steep dive. Her nose stuck in the harbor mud; all nine aboard, including Hunley, were drowned. Hunley himself seems to have been responsible for the mishap; divers who brought the submarine up found that the sea cock of the forward ballast tank, Hunley's responsibility, was still open. Hunley must have opened the sea cock for the dive and then forgotten to close it.

By then, 23 men had died in the submarine. General Beauregard was reluctant to risk any more lives in her. Then two mechanical engineers who had helped build her wired the general, volunteering a new crew. The engineers, George Dixon and William A. Alexander, were with the 21st Alabama regiment when they heard about the latest mishap.

Beauregard was said to be "a tor-

pedo-minded man" and was proud of the formidable mine field he had laid protecting Charleston harbor. He gave in to Dixon and Alexander. The two men went aboard the receiving ship *Indian Chief*, and quickly got volunteers for a fourth crew.

Again the *Hunley* was moved, this time to Sullivan's island, near the harbor mouth. On Oct. 15, 1863, she made a routine practice dive under the *Indian Chief* and failed to resurface, drowning six men. Dixon and Alexander saw it from the wharf. Just before this accident a man named Thomas Parks, in whose Mobile shop the *Hunley* had been built, had persuaded Alexander to let him take his place.

The 29 victims are buried in a little plot in Charleston called Hunley's Circle.

Dixon immediately got six more men, five of them off the ship under which the *Hunley* had made its fatal plunge. During November, December, and January the new crew went out on an average of four nights a week, looking for a Yankee ship, but during this whole time the sea was too rough. Sometimes they were almost carried out to sea, and frequently dawn would be breaking as they were coming in, still within the range of the enemy. They decided to see how long they could stay submerged and still turn the crank.

At Back Bay, off Battery Marshall, they tried it. The agreement was that when a man felt he could stand

it no longer he would say, "Up!" and immediately the crew would resurface.

In 25 minutes, foul air did not contain enough oxygen for the candle, and it went out, plunging the *Hunley* in darkness. "Not a word was said," Alexander wrote, "except an occasional 'How is it?' between Dixon and myself, until it was as the voice of one man the word *Up!* came from all nine."

Dixon started the forward pump. Alexander, at the stern pump, found it wouldn't work. He guessed the trouble, and pulled out seaweed that was choking it. The men had held themselves to what they thought was the utmost limit of their endurance, and when the boat failed to rise they almost panicked. But then it did rise. Alexander and Dixon compared watches; they had been submerged two hours and 35 minutes.

Shortly after this episode, Alexander received orders to report to Mobile to build a breech-loading gun, so he was not aboard during the attack on the *Housatonic*. Besides Dixon, the crew that night consisted of Arnold Becker, C. Simpkins, James A. Wick, J. F. Carlson, T. Collins, and a man named Ridgeway. As with the other crews, Dixon had picked his men not only for their courage but also for their physique, since they needed powerful muscles to grind the propeller.

To conserve the men's strength, the *Hunley's* tender, the *David*, towed the submarine as far out as it

safely could. During this time the Confederates almost got a taste of their own medicine when the *Hunley's* torpedo ran afoul of the *David* and threatened to blow both vessels up before Dixon could bring it under control.

They passed Fort Sumter, and the *David* had to turn back. The *Hunley* was on its own.

Dixon waited until the first Yankee boats stood out clearly in the mists before he countermanded Beauregard's order, and submerged. Inching along six feet below the surface with only the compass to guide him, Dixon headed for the *Housatonic*, coming up from time to time to replenish the *Hunley's* air and to get his bearings.

It was shortly before 9 P.M. when the lookout on the Yankee warship sighted what looked at first like a plank in the water about 100 yards away. He gave the alarm. A bugle blew the call to quarters, and 300 men rushed to their battle stations.

The Yankee bluejackets opened up on the approaching craft with musket fire. The *Hunley's* boiler plate turned the balls easily. Gunners tried to train their cannon on the craft, but the *Hunley* by then was too close.

Then it disappeared, and the 300 men held their breath. The order rang out to get the *Housatonic* under way.

But it was too late. The entire aft end of the Yankee ship was blown away. She sank in minutes, her men

racing the water up the masts. Fortunately, the ship had been moored over a shallow spot; but even so, two officers and three men were dead.

Not only was the explosion muffled, but there had been no flame. Thus, not until dawn did Charleston realize that the *Housatonic* had been sunk.

Consternation struck the fleet. Picket boats were doubled. All wooden ships were ordered to keep up steam at all times and go out to sea every night. Charleston rejoiced. It

took back every disparaging remark it had made about the submarine, and looked forward to the *Hunley's* return with an eye to a big celebration.

But where was she? After several days the South accepted the fact that, in sinking the *Housatonic*, the sub had sunk herself. Exactly what happened will probably remain a mystery always. Years after the war, divers found the *Hunley* near the wreckage of the *Housatonic*, bow still pointed toward the enemy ship.



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

Fifteen years ago Fred Handeen watched a fire wipe out a neighbor's home in the dead of a Minnesota winter. It was necessary for the family to split up until a new house could be built. Fred realized that here was a common problem, at least for rural families, and he resolved to do something about it.

He drew up plans for a portable house, one that could be put up and taken down in a very short time. It could be assembled right on the site of a destroyed house. Thus the family could stay together while a new house was being built.

Then Fred went from farm to farm, raising money for materials. Most of those he called on contributed about \$2. A number of businessmen in nearby Montevideo also chipped in. A lumber company sold him the materials at cost and donated the use of its big sheds. During the off season, contractors built the house at a discount. When finished, the house was 12'x24' with no partitions.

Within the year another family was burned out—just before Christmas. It looked like a bleak holiday for the parents and their six little girls. But Fred Handeen heard about the incident and had his house erected on the spot within an hour of his arrival.

In all, some 18 families have used Fred Handeen's emergency shelter. There is no rent to pay; the only stipulation is that a user must rebuild his house as quickly as possible. Fred wouldn't dream of commercializing his idea, but he hopes it will catch on in other communities.

John Krill.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

A Frank Talk to My Son

A father's formula for physical and moral survival

MANY TIMES my son wants to talk to me about himself and his world, and actively seeks my advice. My problem, when thus lent the filial ear, is knowing when to quit. There is a great temptation to respond with a lecture that not only exhausts and confuses the boy, but usually doesn't answer his question.

Suppose that instead of a lifetime and an unlimited fund of words, I were allowed only a few minutes and a few thousand words to do us forever? These are the words I would leave with him.

My boy, the most important problem facing you today is that of your survival. I don't mean the threats to your existence posed by possible wars of superbombs and missiles. I mean the normal problems of survival in what is your normal world.

I mean first your physical survival, through the teen-age years, in your dearest joy and deadliest enemy: the automobile.

I mean your vocational survival in a world where every opportunity is



every day more fiercely contested.

I mean your cultural survival in a society which besieges your young mind with cheap entertainments and cheap philosophies.

I mean your moral survival in an age which mass-produces vulgar ideals, goals, satisfactions.

I mean your sexual survival as head of a family, immune in your life to the destructive definition of sex as a brief physical contact between any male and any female.

You are bursting with the desire to be "grown-up." Son, maturity is not compounded of chronology and physical dimensions; at any time in life your degree of maturity can be measured by your attitude toward the normal responsibilities of your age. Even now.

*1714 Locust St., Des Moines 3, Iowa. March, 1958. © 1958 by the Meredith Publishing Co. and reprinted with permission.

In the next half-dozen years, you will spend much of your life in a car, and there is more than a slight chance that sometime during those years, your life will end in a car. In the next six years, some 300,000 teenagers will have been destroyed by the auto, and another million crippled. Don't be one of them.

I won't forbid you to drive, or ride with others. You can't live apart from the life of your times, from the normal activities and even hazards of your world. I will have professionals teach you to drive, and I will allow you to buy a car when you are man enough to earn one. Then I can only hope and pray that respect for the laws of men, manners, and motion will not desert you when you are on your own.

It is my responsibility to help you prepare for any one of 10,000 occupations in the world. You alone must choose the one you wish to follow. At this moment, at this age, you might become anything. So much depends on how well you do the work of these years.

School is your job. Like all work, it has its unpleasant aspects. Yet, the measure of your manliness now is how well you face up to the facts of your life. Are you building up the habit of success or of failure? Do you avoid or do you conquer? Are you building your life on results or excuses?

There is something cruel and awful about the fact that at this tender age you may already have limited

your future. You hated algebra, saw no reason why you had to excel in it, and, grinding out the work with half a heart, got a low grade. So . . . ?

So, in your school, that eliminates you from going on to take geometry, which in turn closes off the entire further study of math. The future careers which you have erased from your slate with one poor grade would fill a big book. Perhaps, somewhere among the lost, is your "right" future.

It isn't that I want you to be an engineer or scientist. I want you to be whatever you are happy being, whether it be a guide, mechanic, teacher, salesman, doctor, artist, or merry-go-round operator. What I do care about now is that you do your best to keep *open* every possible path to your future. Thus, when the proper time comes you can walk the one of your choice.

I know you well. Thus far, your victories outnumber your defeats. But in your world victories are taken for granted, and defeats are shattering. Sometimes I wonder which of us is the more grown-up, when I realize that as a man I can get away with more mistakes than you. Life demands much more perfection from you, at your age, than it does from me at 40.

I have mentioned your moral and cultural survival, and I think you have made a good start. You are a reader. True, your reading is often limited to a particular interest and level of the moment: years ago comics, then war stories, then outdoor

yarns, and now automobile magazines. But the important thing is that you outgrew the comics and the war stories in your time, and you will outgrow your current reading.

I have never seen you go back to trash you outgrew, but I have seen you return to the good books for better reasons, and I have faith in your developing taste.

I feel the same way about movies and music. At the moment, you will listen to nothing but rock and roll. I can remember when you listened to nursery songs, then loved ballads, and finally got around to popular music.

I notice, looking over your record collection, that you do have an ear for the better artists in the field you like; that you appreciated "progressive jazz" before my ear could contain it. Given freedom to listen, with an occasional assist toward better music, I know your taste will mature as you do. I expect that the day is not far off when you will be listening to Ravel and Bartok, while I am still content with Strauss waltzes.

I am more concerned with your exposure to cheap philosophies of life than with your exposure to cheap entertainments. It is said that listening to music over a poor sound system can give you a "tin ear," unable to appreciate the higher fidelity of reproduction. I am concerned that your exposure to vulgar outlooks on the world will give you a "tin soul."

That is why you and I have had words about your addiction to vari-

ous fads that have come and gone. No fad as such has been good or evil, whether it was the way you wore your denims, or the way you had your hair cut. But to obey a fad blindly is to let the mob do your thinking for you. And if you get into the habit of letting others decide your mode of dress, action, and speech now, you will find it difficult, even impossible, to think independently when you are older, or you may then not have the courage to do so.

I am not telling you to be different just for the sake of being different. That, too, is a fad. But when you go along with a mass fad, just to be like the others, do it of your own will and consciously, understanding both the satisfactions and limitations of your identification.

Learn to evaluate, to choose as *yourself*, with faith in your own tastes, opinions, goals, and personal worth. As you grow, this belief in yourself will serve as a shield against the hucksters of mob morals, manners, ideologies, and fads of consumption, transportation, patriotism, and education.

I come now to your final survival: as boy friend, suitor, husband, and father. In a way, your ability to live successfully with a woman is the crucial test of your manhood. For, as boy friend, suitor, husband, and father, every aspect of your personality will be put to the test.

Every other problem I have mentioned, from driving to work habits,

to cultural values, affects you. All of them will influence you in your choice of a girl, your relationships with her, and your eventual success or failure in this role which I play for you today, and which you will assume tomorrow.

Do not confuse sex information with sex education. Let me liken the situation to driving a car. Already, while still too young for a license, you have read everything about cars you could get your hands on. You are convinced that you are capable of getting behind the wheel and driving off at high speed.

But when you start to drive, you will be confronted by an element that has to be experienced to be understood: motion. Your confidence will melt into confusion when the added factor of relentless *motion* forces situations and sensations upon you that you could not even anticipate until you experienced them. And faster than you can cope with them.

This is true also with sex. You possess a good amount of sex information, well in advance of the time when it will be needful for you. But here, too, is an added factor: emotion.

Just as you will be a good driver when you experience and learn to control the fact of swift, potentially dangerous motion, so you will be able to survive romantically and sexually when you learn to control and guide the forces of swifter, more dangerous, emotions.

Remember this. When you ask a girl for a date, you assume the responsibility for her welfare. From the time you take her from her home, until you bring her home again, she is in your care. It is your duty to protect and preserve her from risk and harm, whether it be as her chauffeur, guide, or suitor. She must be kept as safe from your affection of the moment as she is from the recklessness or unpleasantness of others.

When you begin to date, you will be faced with the problem of whether or not to "go steady," and I have this bit of advice for you. Your dating years are those in which your tastes and interests do, and should, change rapidly. The girl you admire in March may not be the one you care for in April. You owe it to yourself, as does every young person, to meet as many, and not as few, people as possible while you are young.

It may be that your first love will be your lasting one. That has happened. But the odds are very much against it.

You were confident a few years ago that you wanted to be a policeman; certain last year you would be a northwoods guide; positive this year that you want to work with motors. You will change your "certainties" again and again, until you find, perhaps on some strange campus, or in some new book, or through some new friend, the vocation that is truly yours.

In the same way, as you mature,

you will find yourself attracted to different personalities. And, as with jobs, you are likely to seek out at first the most obviously glamorous girl. But you will choose finally the one whose physical appeal is but a covering for the true womanly qualities that will provide lifelong interest, challenge, and satisfaction.

How well you fare in this aspect of your life will depend very much on how well you manage in the others I have talked about. Look back over the essentials for survival against all the other challenges in your life. These are the foundation stones upon which you will build your future as lover, husband, and father. For as husband and father, you will every day have put to the test your courage, understanding, individuality of thought and action, your sense of responsibility, your moral and cultural

values, your leadership, your sensitivity, and your capacity to understand, respect, and love.

What you will learn, what you will be, how you will live, and whom you will love—these are questions that you will, and should, decide for yourself. And in the many battles for survival on these fronts, I would have you armed with and trained in the use of these weapons.

A feeling of respect for yourself, and for the rights, thoughts, and persons of others.

A willingness to assume the utmost personal responsibility in all situations.

The ability to resist all forces from without *and* within, that tend in any way to limit your mental, moral, cultural, political, *human* growth.

The struggle is now.

Godspeed, son.

THE PERFECT ASSIST

A clerk at the Midland Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Columbus, Ohio, was opening envelopes containing premium payments. She was surprised to find that one envelope contained two checks, both signed by George N. Copeland, a Midland policyholder who operates an oil distributing firm in Osgood, Ind. Accompanying the checks was a letter from Mr. Copeland.

The letter read: "When you sent the statement for my insurance, you accidentally enclosed with it a statement for Mr. L.C.W., who lives in Ohio. In order to keep this man's policy from lapsing, I am sending you an additional check to take care of his premium."

Upon being told that his premium had been paid by a total stranger, Mr. L.C.W. told the insurance company by letter that "these acts of kindness and thoughtfulness are never given enough publicity, though we are all quick enough to talk about the other kind."

The Builder (Jan.-Feb. '58).

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$25 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$25 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]



Bells at Your Fingers

Inventor Schulmerich says, "A bell is not a shape but a tone"

AN ELECTRICAL carillon was recently placed in the world-famous Bok Singing Tower at Lake Wales, Fla. The installation wasn't easy. It was made only after Anton Brees, who has been playing the original carillon for three decades, changed strenuous objections to enthusiastic approval.

Brees, you understand, is generally regarded as the world's greatest carillonneur. Thus, the Lake Wales installation became George J. Schulmerich's greatest artistic triumph. Schulmerich made the Bok carillon in his establishment at Sellersville, Pa. He calls the unit a "carillon Americana," which combines 61 bell notes with the tones of the harp and celesta.

Belgian-born Mr. Brees had been playing the cast bells in the Bok tower since it was opened in 1929. So when Schulmerich first approached him, the carillonneur gave him a genteel cold shoulder. He would not, Brees told him, be found within five

miles of any carillon with electronic innards.

Schulmerich had heard that sort of talk before, and was not to be put off. Finally Brees retracted his remark, and agreed reluctantly to go to Sellersville, in Pennsylvania-Dutch country about 40 miles north of Philadelphia, to listen to the new "contraption." He sat down at the console, played a few selections. The chip on his shoulder wavered, then fell off.

"I was convinced," he declared, "that Schulmerich really had something."

What his host had was a carillon, the bells of which are not bells at all, but rather slim bronze rods, weighing from $\frac{3}{8}$ of an ounce to eight ounces, which when struck with a miniature hammer give off faint but pure bell tones. These sounds are amplified 100,000 times or more by electronic devices.

A gift unit has been installed in the Vatican pavilion at the Brussels World Fair. Who plays it? Anton Brees, back in his native Belgium for the summer.

Schulmerich installations have been made in more than 5,000

churches, hospitals, colleges, and business establishments in this country, South America, Europe, and Japan. Of the 4,000 church units in use, nearly half are in Catholic churches. In the last 12 years, Schulmerich has installed in this country alone more carillon bells than the total number of cast bells produced throughout the world in the last 500 years.

It was 30 years ago that young George Schulmerich got the idea that churches should have carillons even if they were low on money. That was about the time that the new Bok tower was calling anew the world's attention to carillon music. As a boy, he was fascinated by radio, and at 15 left school to work in the radio department of a store in Philadelphia, his home town and birthplace. A year later he went into business for himself. By the time he was 18 his firm had a central city office and 40 workers.

"But it didn't last," says he. "By the late 20's, radio sets had become more simple and dependable. My work petered out."

In 1927, George shifted to the sound-amplification business. He found churches to be good customers for public-address systems. As he went about putting the amplifiers in, he noticed how many churches either didn't have bells or had broken-down carillons. Many lacked towers strong enough to hold cast bells.

Now and then the young businessman was asked to play recordings of

bell music at churches. He asked one pastor what he thought of the possibility of an electroacoustic carillon.

"Unthinkable," was the reply. "If a church has bells, they should really be bells—the traditional type."

"I don't agree," George said. "Just because something has been done one way for centuries is no reason why it should be done that way forever."

He set out to prove his point. The formula was simple: reproduce electronically the sounds of bells. But it required years of research to make the formula balance.

First, the original small-bell tones had to be made to resemble the sounds from the metallic instruments they represented. Then they had to be magnified to big-bell volume without distortion. Equally important, the bells had to be easy to play. Finally, everything meshed: the tiny strips of bell metal, the miniature hammers, the keyboard, the amplification. The inventor-artist-producer went out to market his product.

That was in 1933. What is now Schulmerich Carillons, Inc., with a sprawling, modern plant in Sellersville and more than 300 people on its payroll, then was a two-man enterprise in an old garage at Glenside, a Philadelphia suburb. Working with Schulmerich was Morris Clayton, who still is associated with the firm as a salesman.

The electronic-carillon pioneer set out in a secondhand truck, visiting churches. He found pastors reluc-

tant to buy his untested wares. One asked him, "What's your Dun & Bradstreet rating?" The visitor confessed he had none. End of interview.

Other clergymen said emphatically that they were not interested in "imitation bells." Says their maker, "I tried to show them that these actually were small bells, amplified by electricity. A bell, after all, is not a shape, but a tone. But for a long time, nobody would listen."

At last, he sold a set to a church in Somerville, Mass. Gradually, more orders came in, and sometimes he worked 20 hours a day. He would sell a carillon, rush back to the shop to help Clayton assemble it, and then go out and make the installation. One chill Christmas eve found him working late in the tower of a church in Allentown, Pa.

His first big break came in the late 30's, when Msgr. E. J. Flanagan, founder of the famous Boys' Town in Nebraska, purchased a set of his bells for the Boys' Town chapel. An even bigger break came in 1946, when Samuel Cardinal Stritch of Chicago presented a set of carillon bells to the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. The set is one of the smaller ones, to be replaced by a 61-bell set when the shrine is completed.

That installation opened the doors of churches of many faiths. Today, the carillon bells ring out from small mission chapels throughout the world, and from such imposing edi-

fices as the Holy Name cathedral in Chicago and the St. Louis cathedral, and from the North American college in Rome and the basilica in Lourdes, France. Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York presented the carillon to the North American college.

It amuses the maker of all this music to recall the story of the American priest who once stood listening to the pealing of the bells in the North American college. When the last note had sounded he turned to his companion, a member of the college staff.

"How beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Nothing can compare with the bells of the Old World."

The other priest smiled. "What you have just heard is called an electroacoustic carillon. It was made in the U. S."

By 1940, the carillon manufacturer had moved his firm, now with a personnel of six, to Sellersville. The war cut production of bells, but the plant turned out electronic materials for the navy. When the war ended, Schulmerich embarked upon an expansion program.

He built up his sales force to 40, and advertised widely. He arranged for a carillon school at the Westminster Choir college, Princeton, N.J., the only such school in the U. S. He sponsored recitals by leading carillonners, published carillon music, and for Christmas in 1947 put a carillon set on top of the Empire State building. The Empire State project

proved that sound and direction of bell music can be controlled perfectly by electronics. The music sounded mellow and well modulated, both in the street below and at distances up to 20 miles away.

Schulmerich has streamlined the bell-making craft. Take, for instance, the 86-bell carillon he installed at the Arlington National cemetery in 1949. The carillon, which plays hymns for 15 minutes twice a day, weighs 2,000 pounds, cost \$25,000. Had cast bells been used, the weight would have been more than 300,000 pounds, the cost about \$400,000. A cast carillon requires the services of a trained carillonneur (it takes years to master the art), who has to push clavier, or wooden rods about the size of broomsticks, with his hands and feet—a strenuous procedure. The bronze-rod carillon is a keyboard instrument that can be played by any pianist or organist after only a brief period of orientation. There is also an automatic roll player which, when controlled by a master program clock, operates the carillon.

Similar, but on a smaller scale, are Schulmerich's Basilican bells, which provide an automatic Mass call. They have from one to four bells that peal or toll in chosen combinations for weekday or Sunday Masses. The same instrument will sound the 3-3-3-9 Angelus on one bell or on the musical range of six bells in any combination, sequence, or speed.

Schulmerich is one of the few heads of a major business who hits

the road regularly to sell his product. He maintains his 40-man sales force, which he describes as "a crackajack group—I trained them myself," but likes to keep his own sales approach sharp. Some of his competitors call him showoff, fireball, and hungry guy. He laughs off the first two, but admits to the "hungry" tag. "The day I stop wishing for more carillon music in the world," he says, "all the fun will go out of life."

He travels about 200,000 miles a year on business, mostly by air. He is not above making a sales pitch to a casual acquaintance. There was the night he boarded a plane in Los Angeles, bound for Kansas City. En route, he introduced himself to a man across the aisle, who asked the usual question: "What's your line?" "Carillonic bells."

What, the other man wished to know, were they? Schulmerich cut loose on his favorite topic.

The other traveler was a parishioner of a Catholic church in Beverly Hills, Calif. "I've been thinking," he said, "about making a special contribution to the church. This could be it. I'm going to telephone my pastor right now about my buying a carillon."

The time back in Beverly Hills was about 5 A.M. The reaction of the priest was understandable. Roused from a sound sleep, he expressed concern over the condition of a parishioner who would call at such an hour to talk about a carillon. The carillon maker had to get on the phone him-

self and convince the priest that the call was on the level.

Schulmerich's only pastime is deep-sea fishing. But his passion is bells. "With me," he says, "bells are a week-long job." He is the only executive in the company who does not have a secretary; he prefers to dictate letters late at night into a recording machine, from which a stenographer makes transcriptions the next morning. He is invariably punctual for business appointments; but he is often late for dinner dates with friends. Frequently he becomes immersed in paper work at his office, and forgets engagements.

Up to 1946, all Schulmerich's installations were in churches. Since then, he has also placed carillons in many commercial and civic establishments, the first of which was in the Olds Tower building in Lansing, Mich. He predicts that such use of carillons will become far more universal; and he looks forward to the day when practically every church will have bells, sounding sweetly over houses and hills. Bells, he says, "reach out and touch hearts."

The Church, he declares, "has a lot of secular competition these days. Bells remind people of their religion."



RUSES OF ADVERSITY

A used-car dealer in Brooklyn, N.Y., finding that his sales were being cut deeply by the recession, put this ad in the morning paper: "We guarantee to break 50 Elvis Presley records in your presence if you buy one of our cars today." He sold five cars within the first hour of business.

United Mine Workers Journal (March '58).

"How in the world did you ever come to write a policy on a man 98 years old?" an insurance executive indignantly asked his new agent.

"Why, I checked with the census reports," explained the new agent. "According to them, only a few persons of that age die each year." *Future* (1957).

A certain Harvard graduate wrote his parents, both proper Bostonians, that he had just taken a job with radio station WHO. Properly horrified, they sent off a telegram demanding that he give up his new job and seek employment with station WHOM.

Chicago Tribune Magazine (26 Jan. '58).

A burglar's wife was badgering him for more money. "O.K., O.K., stop nagging!" he grumbled. "I'll get you some just as soon as the bank closes."

American Weekly (19 Jan. '58).

By John M. Scott, S.J.
*Condensed from "Wonderland"**

Brother Sun

For the scientist as well as the theologian the sun is a perfect symbol of divine power



YOU ARE ABLE to walk, talk, and read these words only because the sun reaches out through 93 million miles to embrace you. He kisses you with life-giving force, not directly, but in the magic of a masquerade in green.

Most ancient peoples worshiped the sun as a god. They knew that all physical life depends on the sun. Therefore, they thought that the sun must be divine. Their conclusion was wrong, but they were right in thinking that the sun kept them alive.

"But the sun doesn't exactly keep me alive," you may think. "I do the job myself by eating three meals plus snacks every day." In so doing, my friend, you are simply eating energy packaged for you by the sun. Even if you tuck into a rare T-bone steak, what you are eating is sunlight. Every chicken in the pot, every pot roast in the oven, was put there by the sun.

That hamburger you ate after the show last night was really grass

served with a bun. A white-faced steer obligingly ate the grass. Through the marvelous operations of a chemistry lab on hoofs, the grass was transformed into steaks and hot dogs. Holstein and Jersey cows turn grass into milk, which becomes ice cream, butter, and cottage cheese. The next time you drink a glass of milk, remember that you are drinking liquid grass—and sunlight.

When you peel off your shirt on the beach, you pick up (if you are lucky) a healthy tan. If you are an eager beaver, you may get instead an unwanted barbecue job. But no matter how long you absorb ultraviolet rays, you can never do the trick plants do. Plants, including grass, package sunlight. The golden rays of the sun shake hands with the green pigment (chlorophyll) in a leaf. In this building-with-light process, called photosynthesis, the carbon dioxide we exhale is combined with water to form oxygen and sugar.

None of us have chlorophyll, so no matter how long we bask in the sun-

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light, we cannot form sugar. From the sugar is made all the constituents of the plant body, with the exception of those which are purely mineral.

So without the sun we would have no food. The earth would be naked as a billiard ball. We would likewise be naked, for our clothes are either filched from cotton fields or lifted off the backs of sheep, who, in turn, munch green grass to make white wool.

The Indians of the Southwest are well aware of their dependence on Brother Sun. A Navajo may feel perfectly up-to-date shopping in a modern supermarket; he may barely turn his head when the Santa Fe's *El Capitan* thunders by; but when he builds his hogan, the opening will always face the rising sun, for such is the traditional way of his people. The Navajo knows that the sun fills the pods of the mesquite trees with nutritive beans.

That black rock we call coal is buried sunshine. Thousands of years ago sunlight cascaded onto primeval forests. Its energy was captured by the leaves. Mysterious forces rose up to bury the vast jungles and compress the vegetation into veins of coal. When you burn coal you are setting fire to a tropical jungle. You are releasing sunlight that lay deep in the earth until miners blasted it loose. If you heat with oil, then liquid sunshine is working for you. Oil comes from the remains of marine animals and vegetables which owed their existence to the sun.

Flick a switch, and sunlight leaps to whirl the whiskers from your face, shoot you skywards in an elevator, or fill your ears with sweet rhythm. Eighty-five per cent of our electricity is generated by steam turbines, which in turn are run by coal or oil. Even if you use electricity generated by water power, the sun is still twirling your electrical appliances. The sun hoisted the waters up from the oceans, and caused the winds to freight the clouds that paratrooped the raindrops to fill our cups and spin our dynamos.

The music of a waterfall, the swallows stunt-flying over a chimney, the 20 pounds of coffee each of us sips every year—all, somehow or other, owe their existence to the sun. We are children of the sun, and when he goes behind a cloud our spirits droop. So dismal is life without light that servicemen in Greenland are given special consideration for living through the six months' night every year.

All things owe their color to the sun. When he falls behind the western hills, a flower garden radiating wave upon wave of color becomes just another black spot in the dark. Sunlight breaking against a surging sea gives it the beauty of sapphire and aquamarine. It lights the flame in the ruby and turns the summer sky into an immensity of blue. For sunlight imprisons all colors, from Chinese red to Prussian blue and mystic violet. Insert a glass prism into a beam of sunlight, and watch

the "white" beam fan out in all the glory of a peacock on dress parade.

When a silver arrow of light quivers to a standstill in a red rose, a strange thing happens. The petals of the rose absorb all the colors except red. The rose is unable to absorb the red and reflects this impetuous color to the eye of the poet who exclaims, "Oh, my love is like a red, red rose." Grass is green because it absorbs all colors from sunlight except green.

No man can gaze into the sun. But we catch reflections of its beauty in the grandeur of Easter lilies, in the glory of poinsettias, in a candela of fir tips against a mountain sky. All material creation mirrors back the majesty of the sun. The pagans made the mistake of thinking the sun was God. Christians knew that the sun was, rather, a symbol of God, the source of all life and light. The sun is so magnificent a symbol of the divine that Christ Himself is

spoken of as the Sun of Justice and the Light of the World. St. John was the first to grasp the symbolism. Christ, he says, is "the true Light that enlightens every man who comes into the world," the Light that "shines in the darkness, and the darkness grasped it not."

St. Francis of Assisi saw all created things as brothers and sisters. He turned to all that was beautiful and bright in nature; to light, fire, and running water; to flowers and birds. Every creature was a direct word from God. Above all, Francis was thankful for the sun. "In the morning," he said, "when the sun rises, all men ought to praise God, who created it for our use, for all things are made visible by it. But in the evening, when it is night, all men ought to praise God for Brother Fire, who gives our eyes light at night. God gives our eyes light by means of these two brothers."



FOR VALUE RECEIVED

On a remote road south of Nogales, Mexico, my wife and I stopped to talk to an old Indian and his small son. They were on their way to market, carrying large pottery jars on their backs. When I asked the price of the lovely pottery, the elder replied that it was 50 centavos each. My wife told him she would take all he had.

"No! No!" the old Indian said, brushing us off with a gesture. Even when I raised the price to three pesos each, he refused to sell.

After some argument the old Indian said, "*Señora*, in my town no one can read or write; there is no electricity, so there can be no radios. Someone must go to Nogales every week to get the news of the world, and without pottery we cannot get a place in the market to sell. So we cannot sell you all the pottery jars, for they are a means to our end."

"*Señora*, we would be disgraced," he went on, "if we should return home with nothing but money."

Ernest Blevins.

Taxes, Inflation, and Freedom

The issue is not just one of money

THE U.S. TAX BURDEN now is so heavy as to almost destroy our will to produce. Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey testified before a congressional committee that "the present heavy tax burden will seriously hamper necessary economic growth."

Taxes for 1956 totaled more than \$100 billion. Thus the cost of government takes up almost one-third of the national product. In 1885 the per-capita tax take was \$1.98. In 1917 it was \$7.92. The fiscal year 1956 was the costliest of all: \$446.36 per head for every one of us.

Such jet-propelled figures are difficult to comprehend. Much is hidden from direct view in the form of unseen nibbles at the pay check even after payment of the direct income tax. You never know you are paying because such taxes appear to be part of the purchase price of the items you buy. For example, you pay the government in this indirect way: 20% of the cost of your food; \$800 on a \$3,000 automobile; half the cost of a pack of cigarettes; nearly nine-tenths of the price of a bottle of whiskey of any size.

Taxes have grown so rapidly in recent years that now they are the largest single item in the cost of living. Americans will pay more to be governed this year than they will for food, clothing, medical care, and religious contributions combined. There are 151 taxes on a loaf of bread, at least as many on a pound of beefsteak, a box of soap, a can of beans.

If federal taxes continue to rise, our rapidly increasing population may eventually outgrow the number of jobs available, since there will be no risk capital to create new jobs.

Our national debt is now about \$700 billion, a sum greater than the combined debt of all the other nations of the world. And our government this year proposes to spend as much as all other governments put together.

Few of our leaders still heed the echo of Thomas Jefferson's voice when he warned, with reference to the future of this country, "I place economy among the most important virtues and public debt as the greatest of dangers to be feared. To preserve our independence, we must

*408 1st St., S.E., Washington 3, D.C. March 17, 1958. © 1958 by Human Events, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

not let our leaders load us with perpetual debt. We must make our choice between economy with liberty, or profusion with servitude. The same prudence which in private life would forbid our paying our money, forbids it in the disposition of public money. It is incumbent on every generation to pay its own debt as it goes."

How incomparably different from Karl Marx, who said, "The surest way to overturn the social order is to debauch the currency." He was referring to the process of inflation, induced by extreme taxation; the process of "planned economy"; the process of controlling economic conditions and thereby controlling the lives of individuals. Chief Justice John Marshall warned as early as 1819 that "the power to tax involves the power to destroy."

The government now takes in taxes over a third of the income of the average citizen each year. This means that he or she is required to work entirely for the government from Jan. 1 until May 10. Our tax take is already greater than that of the socialistic countries, whether on this or the other side of the Iron Curtain. The effects may not yet be fully evident, but the erosion of incentive, ingenuity, and integrity can be deadly.

In the last 20 years our tax system has resulted in a creeping inflation which has devalued the American dollar to 40% of its previous purchasing power. If the present trend continues, the dollar may well sink to

half its present value within another decade. Those who suffer most are the people of small means: those living on fixed incomes, wages, annuities or pensions, especially the workman. But inflation does more than debauch a nation's currency; it also debauches a nation's morale. It creates a false illusion of prosperity; it discourages thrift and honest effort; it encourages the kind of speculation that expects something for nothing.

The inflationary forces which undermine the Western World of today are the same forces which were at work 1700 years ago during the decline of the Roman Empire. Even as Rome, our civilization is living beyond its means. It is living more and more for the moment, trying to anticipate today the pleasures of tomorrow. Why save, asks the citizen, if savings are likely to be wiped out through taxes and inflation? Why wait for the day when we can afford a house, or a car, or a TV set, if we can buy those things today on credit?

If financial output has to be increased in one segment it must be correspondingly decreased in another. If defense spending has to go up, other spending, whether for housing, roads, schools, farm aid, or social benefits, must be curtailed. This is only common sense. But, even though tax receipts have doubled during the postwar era, total public spending continues to exceed revenues.

The problem of a balanced budget is the commonest one in the world. It faces the head of every household

every year of life. It is, simply: how much can be spent safely on living expenses? The question is not what can be luxuriously used, nor even what may be actually necessary, but what can be obtained with the money available without injudicious borrowing.

It is exactly the same basic problem in government, with the vital difference that the money involved is not the spender's own but that of others. But what a monumental difference this makes! Instead of being frugal, one becomes lavish. Instead of being careful, one becomes reckless.

At best, the federal budget is only an estimate. How wrong it can be is testified to by the surpluses that have accumulated over the years. These surpluses glut our warehouses from coast to coast. They are not limited to agricultural products, but exist in practically every field and every commodity. A member of the Hoover commission, which studied the matter, estimates that in the last ten years \$100 billion worth of surplus has accumulated. A large portion of this, he says, can probably never be gainfully used.

The government produces nothing of itself. Whatever it spends for people it must previously take from the people in the form of taxes. Moreover, whenever the government gives a service to people, it must at the same time take away from the people their right to decide for themselves. And the amount which government

doles back to the people or spends to promote welfare can be only a fraction of what it takes away, because of the cost of administration. It is the people of small incomes who pay the largest part of the bill.

Eighty-five per cent of all the billions of dollars paid in income taxes comes from those paying the lowest rate, the 20% paid by all persons with taxable income. Only 15% is paid by all the higher rates up to 91%.

Some years ago, the late President Woodrow Wilson said, "The history of liberty is the history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it."

For ages, the contest has been to rescue liberty from the constantly expanding grasp of governmental power. The great patriots of the American Revolution revolted not so much against the actual taxes imposed upon them by a British king as against the concept of government behind the taxes; the concept that government had unlimited power to do what government thought proper. They had a deep suspicion that government, if permitted, would waste the labors of the people and ultimately curtail the power of the people. That is why they tried to bind government with the restrictions of the Constitution, limiting the government's powers to the performance of carefully specified responsibilities.

Nowhere in the history of the human race is there justification for this reckless faith in political power. It

is the oldest, most reactionary of all forms of social organization. It was tried out in ancient Babylon, ancient Greece and ancient Rome; in Mussolini's Italy, in Hitler's Germany, and in all communist countries. Wherever and whenever it has been attempted, it has failed utterly to provide economic security, and has generally ended in national disaster.

The Soviets have tried to legislate the perfect society; and today the average Soviet citizen has little more freedom and less comfort than the in-

mates of American jails. The American philosophy of government has more effectively promoted the ideal of human freedom, with greater material abundance for more people, than any social system even propounded; freedom to live under the minimum of restraint, freedom to make your own mistakes if you will. The fundamental and ultimate issue at stake, therefore, is not merely our money. It is liberty itself; the free-enterprise system or the cult of blind conformity; the robot or the free man.



PARKINSON'S LAW

Politicians assume that a rising number of bureaucrats must reflect a growing volume of work. Cynics imagine that the multiplication of officials leaves some of them idle.

According to what the London *Economist* facetiously calls "Parkinson's Law," the number of bureaucrats will rise whether the volume of work increases, diminishes, or even disappears. Two factors are responsible. 1. Officials want to multiply subordinates, not rivals. 2. Officials make work for each other.

How Parkinson's Law works is illustrated by the British navy, says the *Economist*. The 2,000 Admiralty officers of 1914 became 3,569 in 1928, although the navy had diminished in that period by one-third in men and two-thirds in ships. The 8,118 Admiralty officers of 1935 became 33,788 by 1954, even though the number of ships and seamen continued to decline.

A mass of statistics has now been accumulated which bears on the time likely to elapse between a given official's appointment and the later appointment of two or more assistants. Parkinson's Law says that an administrative staff will grow at a rate of 5¾% per year even if the volume of useful work remains the same or even disappears completely.

Washington students of Parkinson's Law maintain that if the President determined to neutralize the workings of this law, he could cut the government civilian payroll by at least 400,000 without eliminating a single service now performed by the government. The saving would be around \$3 billion, which could make possible a reduction of about 10% in the personal income tax of all taxpayers.

Human Events (31 Dec. '55).

BYWAYS OF ROME

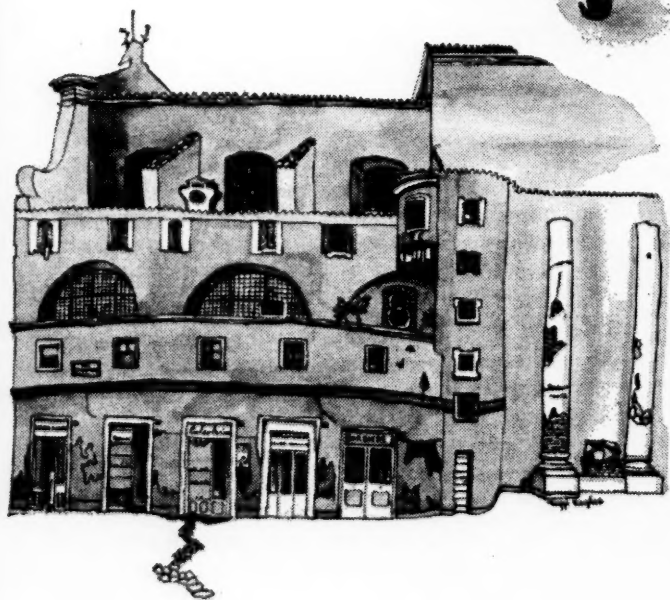
By Maggi Vaughan

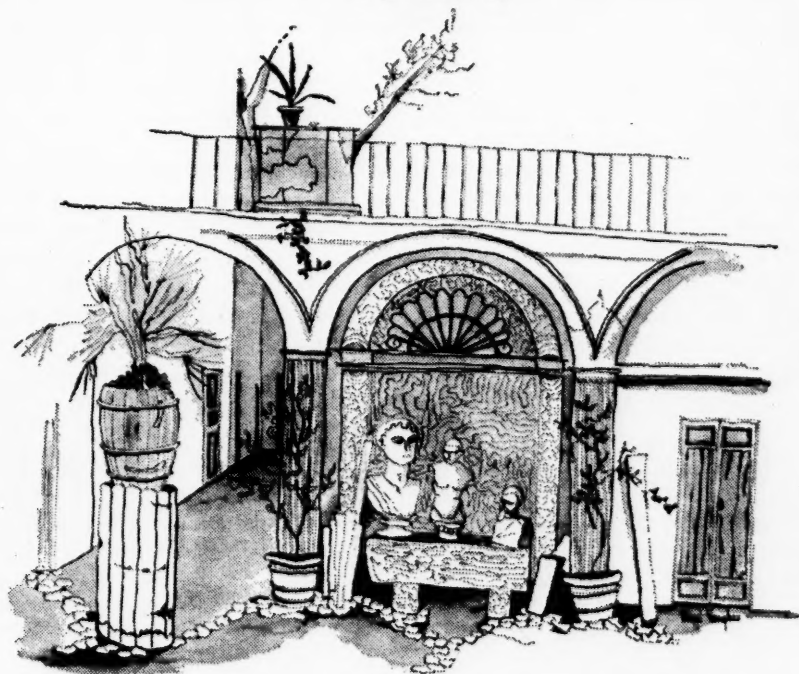


I WAS STROLLING through the gardens of the Pincian hill in Rome when I saw two nuns seat themselves next to the statue of Virgil and a most unusual tree. I asked them if they would mind posing for me for a few moments. They smiled, nodded, and seemed greatly amused that they had been chosen as my subject. Rome is a magic city for an artist. You never have to compose a painting. Rome does it for you spontaneously.

EVERYONE THROWS a coin into the Fountain of Trevi. Legend says that if you do, one day you will return to Rome. I sat down by the fountain to sketch Neptune, his sea horses, and the tritons blowing their horns. But a scene on the other side of the piazza caught my eye. A cat was watching a tired Italian who slept against a pillar of the church. I never did draw the Fountain of Trevi. But I threw my coin in before I left.

Continued on page 66





THE BUTCHER came out of this meat market waving a cleaver at me. "*Scusi, signorina*," he said laughingly, "but why you draw me and my *macelleria* when Rome is filled with great monuments?" I shrugged my shoulders. Who knows? This was the city I found and loved and wished to draw. Still muttering to himself, he returned to his marble-topped counter saying, I am sure, "These Americans, there is no explaining them!"

TO FIND AN ancient church in Rome is not unusual. But to find an ancient church in which people pray, onto whose walls they build their shops, and from whose tower they hang their wash was, I thought, quite unusual. I was alone with the two crumbling pillars, the unique church, and the curious street for only a moment. Then inhabitants of the Via Eustachio appeared from everywhere to watch in critical but friendly silence my interpretation of an important part of their lives.

THIS FRESH, cloudless, warm day I had definitely decided to be lazy.

That meant taking Gorgonzola cheese, black bread, fruit, a good book, and locating a comfortable tree to lean against in the wildness of the Borghese gardens. As I sleepily stared at the pines of Rome, several strollers passed. It wasn't until nursemaids, children, babies and buggies neatly arranged themselves before me in a suitably classic pattern that I decided I would be lazy some other day.

I COULDN'T resist this courtyard. I had discovered it hidden behind an iron gate just off the busy Via della Croce. I pushed the gate open, seated myself on a step, and began to draw. It was, however, a Roman count's private courtyard, and a concierge politely asked me to leave. From a nearby window, an old shopkeeper had been watching this scene. As I passed his shop he beckoned to me with a gnarled finger and showed me the window from which I could get this view of the courtyard. He looked pleased with himself, as if he had outwitted an enemy. And, come to think of it, that's exactly the way I felt, too!



NEW FORMULA, OLD RECIPE

Two little girls came home carrying a box of dirt. Their mother saw that they handled the box as though it contained some treasure. "What's so special about the stuff you've got in that box?" she asked.

"Why, it's our new invention, mother," one of them replied. "It's instant mud-pie mix!"

Catholic Quote (15 Feb. '58).

The Children in My Classroom

A teacher finds hidden depths in every child's personality

MANY YEARS AGO, a boy named Joe entered our school. He gave trouble from the day he first slouched into my classroom. He was a lazy nuisance in class, a trouble center on the playground, a menace to small children.

One day, just after noon recess, a small boy who sat ahead of Joe put his elbow on the edge of the bully's desk. Joe doubled his fist and hit the elbow as hard as he could. You can imagine how that hurt.

I said to myself, "That ends it. I'm going to take Joe out of the room and give him a sound whipping." (In those days corporal punishment was permitted in our schools in serious cases.)

One doesn't walk out and leave 50 3rd-grade children with nothing to do. I began to write some busywork on the blackboard. Suddenly I felt a tug at my sleeve. Johnny Reilly

was looking up at me with pleading eyes.

"I know why Joe is so mean today," he whispered. "When he has no lunch, I give him some of mine. When he came today I didn't have any left. I ate it all."

Shame surged through me. I had been on the point of adding misery to a child whose character was already being ruined by the misery of neglect.

I whispered to Joe, "Come with me," and hurried down to our lunchroom. I gathered leftovers, and began making a hot hash. As I turned to get a glass of milk, I saw Joe's face,

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eyes and mouth wide open in pitiful hope.

"Joe," I said, "next time you have no lunch come and tell me. I'll find something for you."

"Will ya?" The joy in his voice has been with me ever since.

The St. Vincent de Paul society took over the case of Joe's family. We had no more trouble with Joe.

I have learned one thing from Joe and Johnny and many others like them. All children have faults: they are lazy sometimes, naughty sometimes. But whenever a child is giving real trouble he is *in* real trouble. The teacher must study the case, find the underlying cause, apply the remedy. Anyone who has a genuine vocation to teach will not rest until he has found the root of the trouble.

The root is there, though sometimes it is hard to find; but once you find it, the solution to the problem is in your hand. A little fellow called Mark helped teach me that.

When Mark was five and his brother Charles was seven, their father brought them to our school. He said, "My little boys have no mother now. They will live with my mother and sister."

The father, a traveling salesman, was seldom at home. Whenever he could, he came to ask about his boys. Evidently he loved both dearly. Yet it was clear that he was proud of Charles, and deeply worried about Mark.

No wonder. Charles was excellent in studies, good in sports, a favorite

in school and out. Mark was lazy in class, poor at games, and generally disliked. At the time of the following incident he was repeating the 5th grade and doing worse than the previous year.

I had hunted for causes and found none. He had the best of Catholic home surroundings. As a last resort, I decided to stir his memory of his dead mother to see if I could get a reaction. I did.

After school, I showed him the report card I was about to send to his father, and said, "Mark, what would your dear mother have thought of these grades?"

Mark spat fury. "What would she care? She wouldn't give a —!" A stream of curses followed; you would not believe that they could come out of a boy's mouth. Then he went as white as a dead fish and began stammering, "I... I..."

"Never mind, Mark," I said. "You did not mean to say those words. They slipped out. What hurts me is not that, but how can you feel like this toward your own mother."

"You think she is dead!" he blurted. Then the whole story tumbled out. "She used to lock Charley and me in our apartment and go off with her boy friend. I learned those words from him. One time she didn't come back. The lady in the flat below heard us yelling, and got a policeman to let us out. He sent for daddy. Daddy brought us to grandmother."

"That night they were talking. Charley was asleep. I wasn't. Daddy

said, 'Tell everybody the boys have no mother. That's no lie. Perhaps folks will think she is dead. Less disgrace if they do.'

"Then Aunt Margie said, 'Charley looks like you. Mark looks like his mother.'

"Charley does look like father: tall, slim, kinda dark. Charley acts like father; does the good thing every time. Everybody likes him. Me? I look like her, fat, fair, slouchy. I'm no good. Can't be any good. I'm like her."

The Holy Ghost must have prompted my answer, for I had no time to think. "Look, Mark, you are old enough to know that you come half from your father and half from your mother. Ever since you were five you have been developing your mother's half. Why don't you start developing your father's half?"

"How could I?"

"Walk like him. Talk like him. Do good work. You are like him because you love him. I'll not mail this report card till next month. See what an improvement you can make. Come on. I'll help you."

"Gee!" he whispered, and that was the end of trouble with Mark.

I learned another lesson from three little lads: Jack and Bobby McCoy, ages seven and five, and their pal Keith Copeland, age six. I think they all hated catechism. They did not understand the big words; they needed explanations fitted to their years and experiences. But they were eager to live their religion.

The McCoy home was ringingly Catholic. Keith's father was a non-Catholic who had written article after article in defense of Catholics at a time when Ku Klux Klan activity was especially strong. Our pastor had said, "I have often prayed for Copeland's conversion, but he is the hardest type of man to convert. Of course, he is keenly alive to his duties to his fellow man. He defended us because he hates injustice. But he seems devoid of any realization that he has duties to God. It would take a miracle to convert Copeland."

Jack and Bobby came hunting me after school. Jack burst out, "Sister, is it a sin to take holy water? I have some in this little bottle. I got it at the church door. Bobby thinks maybe that was a sin. Was it?"

"What do you want to do with the holy water? It is blessed and not to be played with."

"I don't want holy water for playing," argued Jack. "I want it for praying." I found that satisfactory, though puzzling.

The next day a non-Catholic doctor met two of us Sisters, burst into hilarious laughter, and then apologized. "Don't think I am laughing at your religion, but what happened to Copeland is so funny I have to tell you. Yesterday afternoon he had to be brought home from the office seriously ill. In the midst of his suffering he heard his wife trying to keep Keith and his two little pals out of the bedroom, so he called to his wife, 'Let the kids come in.'

"This morning you should have heard Copeland telling me what happened. He said, 'Don't you dare laugh, Doc, not where Keith can see you, anyway. In come those three little devils, Jack and Bobby escorting my Keith with two towels fastened on him fore and aft for a vestment.

"They march him around and around my bed, dousing me with holy water and prompting him to say Hail Marys. I wouldn't let my wife stop them till they finished.

"Then they informed me that they had asked God to make me well. Now, Doc, I *am* better, and you know it. Funny! But it was holy, too. They say God hears the prayers of children."

Within a year from that day Mr. Copeland was a Catholic, and a zealous one.

We once had a little cripple named Larry in our school. His left side was partially paralyzed. The arm was almost useless. The leg was a little better. He could limp along without a crutch. One day, in preparation for First Communion, we were reading about Christ's miracles.

Suddenly Larry spoke up, "Sister, you mean that our Lord would go up to a crippled boy like me and bless him and just like that he could run and jump and climb trees and everything?"

And when I assured him that our Lord really did just such wonderful miracles, Larry gave a long whistle of wonder.

A few days afterward we were pre-

paring for Forty Hours Devotion. Larry wanted to be in the procession. The pastor puckered his brows, then said, "Let Larry be in the procession. In another year he will be too self-conscious to want it. Figure out something for the smaller boys to do so that his slowness will not halt the procession."

Our plan was to make the smallest boys a guard of honor. They would walk a few steps, then kneel in the aisle with their eyes on the monstrance, and bow their heads as the Blessed Sacrament was carried by. I placed Larry where he would have only three steps to go before kneeling.

I told the boys that each was to remember he was a guard for our Lord, who would be passing just as really (though we saw only the Sacred Host) as when He walked among the people of the Holy Land.

Larry gave a little jump at that statement, and another long whistle.

Then I began to worry. Was Larry planning to ask our Lord for a miracle? What should I do? Tell him that God works miracles at Lourdes but not in little parish churches like ours? No, because that would not be true. Better keep still, and comfort him afterwards.

The procession came. Larry went to his spot, and knelt with his eyes glued to the monstrance. When monsignor, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, passed Larry the little boy looked up, his face tense in mute appeal. Then he bowed his head.

I was worried sick. He was not cured. What should I say to comfort a sobbing, disappointed child?

But there was no sobbing, disappointed child. Larry came back to his place with the happiest of smiles on his pinched little face. I forgot the incident. Next year Larry was in the 2nd grade. The 1st graders were preparing for First Communion. The page about miracles came up for reading again.

Bobby McCoy piped up, "Sister, could our Lord go to a boy like Larry

and just say, 'Hi there! Jump up, kid! Run along, you aren't a cripple any more?'"

Before I could answer Larry spoke up, "Sure He could. He can do it now, too. One time I asked Him to cure me, but then I got to thinking maybe our Lord has something in heaven especially for crippled boys. I could have it if I am a crippled boy and am good about it. Maybe I couldn't have it if He cured me. So I just said, 'All right, You do what You think is best.'"

IN OUR HOUSE

We had invited one of the assistants from our parish to have dinner with us. I asked Father to lead us in saying Grace. Everything went off entirely without incident, but our five-year-old Elaine seemed tremendously excited. After the meal was over and we had risen from the table, Elaine rushed over, drew me aside and said in a perfectly audible stage whisper, "Mother! He knows *our* Grace!"

Mrs. Andrew Panos.

I started the day with a headache because a sick child had kept me awake most of the night. I put a load of clothes in the automatic washer and started the cycle. I fixed baby's breakfast and started feeding him. The phone rang, and I answered it. When I returned, I noticed that the washer didn't show enough suds. I grabbed a box and added what I thought was more detergent. Then I went back to giving baby his breakfast. He would have none of it. I glanced at the box in my hand. I had been pouring cereal into the washer and trying to feed the baby detergent. In our house, some days are like that. M.E.M.

After being spanked for giving a pat of butter to our dog Bo, four-year-old Ron was playing in the yard with his little sister Sue. A neighbor called over the fence to ask why Ron had been crying. Sue started to answer, but, much to the dismay of his mother, Ron cut in with, "Sue took butter out of the refrigerator, Bo ate it, and I got spanked for it!"

Mrs. Ronald B. Stoney.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

This is the American communist

*Party regimentation blurs
every human impulse*

ELEANOR is washing dishes. Her husband Henry has gone to work, and the two children are scurrying around the house, ready to leave for school. Suddenly there is a knock on the door. It is Ruth, who lives across the street. Ruth is chairman of the East Side Communist club. Her husband Robert is state secretary of the Communist party and a full-time paid functionary.

"Starting the day out just right," smiles Ruth. "The kitchen is all cleaned up. You can come and help us."

Ruth outlines her plans. The state office needs some typing done this morning. In the afternoon Eleanor is to make some calls; that is, visit some comrades. She must pass out word that the next meeting of the county executive committee will be held on Friday evening. This message cannot be given over the telephone.

Then tonight will be the regular meeting of the East Side club. Eleanor probably won't get home in

time to fix supper. If she doesn't, Henry and the kids can make some cold-meat sandwiches. Besides, Henry is scheduled to meet with the state education secretary tonight and he won't have time to eat supper anyway.

If anybody joins the Communist party expecting to read Marx and Engels, buy some literature, and not exert much effort, he is completely misguided. Party work is hard, tough work, and the party is a ruthless taskmaster. The member is always on the run, doing this and doing that. He has no spare time, energy, or money for himself. His whole life becomes dominated. The party is his school, source of friends, and recreation, his substitute for God.

Day and night the party is buzzing with action: fund drives, registration of members, collection of dues, literature sales. Leaflets must be passed out on Olive St., a picket line formed at the city hall, a meeting attended. Workers, not playboys, are wanted. As one party spokesman expressed it, "We must rid ourselves of the mem-

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ber who makes noises like an eager beaver but accomplishes little." A major characteristic of the Communist party is perpetual motion.

The man who keeps this subversive beehive of activity going is the paid party functionary. He is the key to the whole apparatus. Working on national, state, and local levels, he pumps in energy, gives orders, coaxes, cajoles, threatens, smiles, scowls, pleads—anything to keep the party bustling.

Most communist functionaries are old-timers with ten, 15, or 20 years of service. Some have been trained abroad, possibly in the Lenin school in Moscow. They are transferred at frequent intervals, depending on the needs of the party. One may serve as an organizer in California, as a section secretary in Rhode Island, or as a fund raiser in Florida. Their full-time job is to advance the communist cause.

Salaries vary, but average \$50 to \$70 a week. As a general rule, officials are paid by the local organization, although the national office, in case of a deficit, may step in with cash. Some officials operate on an expense account, especially if they travel.

The communist official will probably live in a modest neighborhood. His wife will patronize the corner grocery, his children attend the local school. If a shoe store or a butcher shop is operated by a party member, the official will probably get a discount on his purchases.

Party officials eat away from home a great deal. They generally are well versed on "cozy" places where they can talk with a minimum of observation. Often both husband and wife are away from home night after night. Home, to the communist organizer, is more a place to sleep than to enjoy restful relaxation.

If a party convention is to be held, and many out-of-town delegates are coming in, the organizer may turn his apartment into a temporary hotel. He will pull out all the spare cots, beds, and blankets, and put up a half-dozen visitors.

The paid official's job is to keep the party going, to see that everybody has something to do, that meetings are scheduled, that money is collected, that the party's program is carried out.

The organizer must be fairly intelligent and able to get along with people. He is always asking members for something: to deliver papers, attend a class, make a speech. He must know how to overcome fears, suspicions, and laziness. He may, for example, approach a member for a donation: "We need \$500. Sell your car and donate the money." Communists come up with all kinds of schemes. The organizer must go out and sell the idea.

For most members the party is their whole life. If any problems arise, changing jobs, adopting a child, lawsuits, they solve them with the party's advice. If a member gets ulcers, the organizer will recommend

a "party doctor"; if somebody is threatening suit, he will suggest a "party lawyer"; if one has lost his job, he might know somebody in the party, perhaps the owner of a store, a shop steward, or an industrial executive, who will help out.

The party is a vast paternalistic system. Not that it is humanitarian, or interested in the members' welfare. Nothing like that. The party's interests come first. If a member is sick, tied up with a lawsuit, or unemployed, his party work will suffer. Each member should be in top working shape at all times. The discipline of the party extends to the most intimate details of personal life. Here are a few actual cases.

A member in Ohio decided to adopt a child whose parents were Catholics, and the member had taken steps to join the Church. The state chairman was furious, and said No. Finally the member asserted his independence and left the party.

Another member, in the party's eyes, manifested "bourgeois" tendencies. He spent too much time working on his house! He was removed from his party position.

One member in the state of Washington went to Alaska, without permission, to get a job. He was suspended on the ground that he would attract the FBI's attention in Alaska.

A member in New York City, age 35, was dropped from the rolls. In the party's eyes, he was too much dominated by his mother.

A strawberry farmer in Everett,

Wash., was visited by a party fund raiser who demanded \$100, which the farmer did not have. The farmer was ordered to mortgage his place. He refused, and was expelled for failure to abide by communist discipline.

A promising young communist was attending a communist training school in New York. He was called out of class and advised that the party had decided he should marry a young lady who had just arrived from Hungary on a student visa. The party thought that the girl was promising party material, and the ceremony would enable her to stay in the U. S. The marriage was in form only, and three years later the girl secured a divorce.

In the meantime, the young communist was sent to West Virginia as a functionary and started living with another girl. She also had a citizenship problem. This was solved when the two were called to New York for a meeting. In passing through Elkton, Md., they secured a marriage license and returned after the New York meeting for the ceremony. The girl then went on to Chicago. When the communist finally met the lady of his choice, he went to a communist lawyer, who arranged for an annulment of the second marriage.

The party official can order members to resign from one job and accept another, to move from one town to another, to stop seeing their families and friends, to lie, cheat, or steal.

Then there is the problem of money. The official is always prodding. First, members must pay dues. Dues, collected monthly from each member, give the party a substantial source of revenue. A member's dues are based on regular schedules, depending on income. Housewives, students, even the unemployed, pay 50¢ a month.

Donations are a further obligation. Every member *must* pay, until it hurts. The party conducts an annual fund drive, involving the whole membership. Goals are set for clubs, sections, regions, and on a national basis. How much must a member give? Usually, a week's wages is the accepted minimum. If a comrade has extra sources of income, the amount will be higher.

The party raises money, lots of it. The nickels and dimes (although communists say they like "folding money" best) soon add up. With the effectiveness of a vacuum cleaner, the party pulls money from everywhere.

Laggards, renegers, and backsliders are pushed hard. "That's not enough. You're a piker," the party organizer will scoff.

But that is not the end of "donations." Time after time, there are assessments or special fund drives. They come like snowflakes in a winter storm. "Party leaders have been arrested, they need help!" (Defense Fund). "The *Daily Worker* needs money—urgently!" (Press Fund). "The party must have \$100,000 in

30 days!" (Emergency Fund). An "emergency" is always stalking the Communist party. The best way to solve it is money. The only thing better is more money. The cost to members: at least a day's pay per fund.

One top leader explained how to obtain contributions. Visit the prospective victim. Take along an out-of-town comrade (he's the high-pressure expert) and a local member. The latter should have plenty of money with him. The prospective victim might say, "Yes, I'd like to contribute, but I haven't any money now"—the easy way out. If so, the local comrade would interrupt and say, "Fine, I'll lend the money. Would \$100 be enough?" This squeeze always works, the leader said. Blank checks are also carried.

Then there are extra revenue sources. At the end of the 2nd World War, party officials required comrades returning from military service to donate part of their bonus money.

Estates are also juicy morsels. If members, or maybe sympathizers, have any extra money, the party urges that will be executed naming the party as beneficiary.

So it goes, a constant round of rushing, driving, pushing, paying—never time to stop. The member is regimented from life to death. His chief obligation: to follow instructions eagerly, energetically, obediently. He is a mere wisp of living matter, born, as a *Daily Worker* birth announcement proclaimed, "for swelling our ranks."

Words are wonderful

*English is a living language;
rules won't stop its growth*

MANY OF US like to think that meanings of words are absolute and unchanging. But a moment's reflection destroys that idea.

Thousands of words in English have many meanings. *Grain* has more than 30, *cob* more than 25. In different parts of the U.S. a gopher is a ground-living rodent, a squirrel, a tortoise, a snake, a burglar, a plow, and an inhabitant of Minnesota. Each of these meanings is as "right" as any other. Some words have two completely opposed meanings. Thus *cleave* means to split apart, but it also means to cling together. *Let* means to allow, but it also means to prevent or hinder.

Nor is any meaning "fixed." Meanings shift in and out of words like shadows over hills. A junket, which now means a trip at the taxpayer's expense, once meant a *reed*. An *anecdote* was formerly something you did *not* tell in public. A *talent* was a weight, a *turtle* was a bird, an *idiot* was a private citizen, *Fudge* was a



seafaring man, a *Republican* was a communist, a *girl* could be a boy.

Words really mean only what those who speak the language agree they shall mean at the moment of speaking. When two cooks speak of *basting* they mean something wholly different from what two seamstresses mean by *basting*. And two chandlers would mean still something else. Yet no explanations are needed. They understand each other in the contexts of their work.

We often don't know why some words mean what they do. There once was a reason, but we have usually forgotten it. But it doesn't matter in the least. No one knows, for instance, why something that won't sell is a drug on the market or why a doornail is particularly dead. Yet everyone knows exactly what these words, so used, mean.

Those who think words have a fixed meaning often think also that they have fixed functions. Such persons are always telling us we can't use a noun as a verb or an adjective as an adverb. But any part of speech will serve for any other if enough speakers want it to.

Exit, for instance, is a Latin verb in the 3rd person singular meaning "he goes out." Because of its use in stage directions, it became an English noun meaning a going out or a place to go out. "He made a graceful exit." "All exits must be plainly marked with a red light." And now the noun is becoming a verb again: "She exits clumsily."

Eavesdrop was once a noun: the place where water dripped from an overhanging roof. By an obvious shift it is now a verb meaning deliberate and concealed overhearing. All connection with eaves has been forgotten and anyone who now insisted that you can't eavesdrop within doors would be laughed at.

Some words were originally just mistakes. The *s* in *island*, for instance, was put there in sheer pedantic ignorance. It may comfort many a schoolboy who has been corrected for misspelling it to know that the proper English form was *iland*. But it won't do him any good. The error is now established as correct and the correct form is now an error. The *t* in *deviltry* is a very recent insertion, on the false analogy (linguists guess) of *gallantry*. The spelling of *colonel* shows the man's original function of

leading a column of soldiers. The very strange pronunciation of the word reflects the erroneous assumption that he was a *coronel*, or officer of the crown.

Not only does usage fix or change any meaning in any word, but it can establish as correct the most ungrammatical forms imaginable.

A good way to show what it can do is to list a number of errors so glaring as to be ludicrous—such as *bestest*, *me am*, *girlses*, *knowed*, and *axe* (for *ask*). A five-year-old who used such expressions would embarrass the most doting parents. Yet every one of these absurd errors has a parallel that has already been accepted into standard usage and now seems so natural and right that it comes as a surprise to learn that it is, or once was, a gross error. Thus *less-er*, *nearer*, and *more* are exactly the same erroneous duplication as *good-er*.

Me am is paralleled in *you are*, for *you* was originally the accusative, not the nominative, form. The proper form would be *ye*. And so, up to 300 years ago, it was.

Girlses sounds dreadful, but *children* doesn't grate on the most finicky ears. Yet it is exactly the same form, a duplicated plural. The singular is *child*. The old "proper" plural was an irregular form, *childer*, a vestige of a once regular declension. To *childer* was added the plural suffix *en*, that now remains only in *oxen* and the archaic *shoon* and a few dialectal words.

The use of *knowned* has earned many a child a rebuke from a teacher who uses *crowed* without blushing. Yet the "proper" past tense of *crow* is *crew*. The word *crowed* does not appear in either the Douay or the King James versions of the Bible. After Peter had denied Christ, the cock *crew*. And to an Englishman today *crowed* sounds exactly as *knowned* sounds to us.

As for *axe*, as a pronunciation of *ask*, it is an "error" which almost every child makes as he learns to talk. But it happens to be the "proper" form. The Anglo-Saxon verb was *acsian*. The modern pronunciation is the result of metathesis, which is a learned way of saying that the *s* slipped out of its "proper" place. Children simply put it back.

Some of the commonest words in the language are innovations. No word seems more "natural" to use, for instance, than the possessive pronoun *its*. Yet it was originally a slovenly "corruption," about on a par with *hish* and *hern*. And that not very long ago, either. The word *its* was practically unknown in 1600. Shakespeare used the simple form *it*, as we use the form *her*: "Yet once methought it lifted up it head and did address itself to motion."

By 1700 *its* was standard, used by everyone and taken for granted as "right." Yet as late as 1819 we find a purist grammarian wringing his hands and deploring this dreadful "corruption." He "trembled," he said, for illiterates who used *its*.

The modern purist, knowing nothing of the history of the language, bases most of his objections on logic. But, as far as serious students of the language are concerned, he loses his fight right there. Language knows no logic except the facts of usage. *Unloose*, for example, doesn't mean to tie up. We say that something is indigestible, meaning it won't digest; or incomprehensible, meaning it can't be understood. But *inflammable* (as the exasperated insurance underwriters shriek at thousands of claimants every year) does not mean "it won't burn"!

To say that standard practice is, in the long run, the sole determinant of what makes standard speech is not to say that "anything goes." Quite the contrary. The severest social penalties are visited upon anyone who deviates from usage's arbitrary dictates, no matter how unreasonable they may be. It's all right to say *froze* but ludicrous to say *squoze* or *snoze*.

A teacher of English, writing to the *New York Times*, said that it was the duty of teachers of English "to raise the standards" of English. To many citizens, especially parents, that would seem a plain statement of fact. But the linguist regards the teacher's duty as a humbler, more practical one. He insists that it is the teacher's duty to learn what *are* the standards of his day and to see that the students are aware of these standards.

There are rules, of course. But they are simply a codified descrip-

tion of what those people do who manage to express themselves effectively. Good rules are those which state honestly what people do *now*. Bad rules are those which state what they used to do or, worse still, what somebody thinks they ought to do but don't.

And language rules, at best, are simply means to an end. By codifying practice they make it easier for us to be certain that we are being

understood. But the chief thing is expressing ourselves exactly and completely: expressing not merely our meaning but how we feel about the meaning. This great language that we speak, one of the most subtle and delicately responsive instruments ever made by man, was not formed in classrooms or editorial offices. It was hammered out on the anvil of daily experience by living men and women. It is a living language.

HAVE TUX, CAN'T TRAVEL

Penguins are believed to be the only creatures who survived when, eons ago, the glaciers oozed down from the polar plateau and gradually pushed all living things into the sea. The penguin simply rode out on the ice and made it his home.

Even today, the emperor penguin is probably the most indestructible of all birds. Dr. Paul Siple, one of the foremost experts on the Antarctic, tried for 20 minutes to chloroform an emperor but failed. No wonder, for a penguin is able to hold his breath for half an hour or more.

These relics of the ice age may be rugged, but they aren't much for traveling. Their "wings" are flippers that can't lift them into the air. Ashore, penguins may be as clumsy as fat old men, but in the water they get around with amazing agility, using their flippers much as a seal does.

The private life of the emperor of the Antarctic has been quite a mystery until recently. He raises his family in the dark of the winter night on the sea ice off the Antarctic coast, without shelter of any kind, exposed to temperatures down to -70°F and the world's worst gales.

Unlike most other creatures, mamma penguin is most inept about handling her eggs. Many of them are cracked with careless handling—with a bang that can be heard for 100 feet. Others get lost down cracks in the ice. And mamma frequently takes off during the incubation period, leaving pop holding the egg. She may be gone most of the 62 to 64 days required for incubation. Usually, though, she gets back in about a month; then poppa waddles off for a long Antarctic night with the boys.

Leverette G. Richards.

Puzzle in Survival

*Public apathy and conflicting policies
torment civil-defense planners*

WHAT WOULD YOU DO if your local civil-defense air-raid warning siren were to wake you at 2:30 tomorrow morning? If you are an average citizen, you probably would either decide there must be some mistake and go back to sleep, or get on the telephone to find out what was up. You probably wouldn't take any steps to protect yourself from danger.

Air-raid signals have been sounded accidentally in at least two communities. In both instances, the public showed an almost complete disregard for the civil-defense warning.

In Schenectady, N.Y., only one man out of the 100,000 residents did what he was supposed to do. He bundled his family into the jalopy and headed for the hills. Even the mayor turned over and went back to sleep. Those frightened enough to act at all acted the wrong way. They jammed telephone lines, turned on lights, and left the shelter of their homes only to gather in the streets.

The other fiasco, in Oakland, Calif., so alarmed civil-defense officials that they hired the Stanford Research institute to find out why peo-

ple reacted as they did. Although 75% of the residents heard the alarm, only 10% made any attempt to protect themselves. Another 10% called city offices or turned on the radio. Some 35% looked out windows to see what others were doing, or phoned



newspapers and friends. And 45% did nothing at all.

More than three fourths of those interviewed in Oakland revealed that if such a thing happened again, they would once more either pay no attention or do the wrong thing.

Public apathy toward defense measures is only one of the problems faced by defense officials. Confusion

*44 Broad St., New York City 4. Feb. 12, 1958. © 1958 by Dow Jones & Co., and reprinted with permission.

at the national level is just as pronounced as it is at the local level. In Washington, one federal agency would like to sell millions of dollars of hoarded machine tools. Across town, the planners in another agency are convinced that the government should hang onto the tools, buy additional equipment, and store it all deep underground.

In New York City, the civil-defense director states that the city will evacuate its 8 million residents to neighboring towns in the event of a hydrogen-bomb attack. In Congress, a House subcommittee calls mass evacuation of urban populations unworkable.

Suppose the U.S., despite all its efforts to arm for deterrence, really does suffer attack. How can the nation survive? What preparations should be made now?

Until recently, mobilization officials approached the problem in the light of 2nd World War experience. U.S. factories seemed relatively safe from direct attack; the pace of war seemed relatively slow. So planning was founded on the idea of being prepared to mobilize industry to produce the munitions to carry the attack back to the enemy.

This meant "phantom" orders to thousands of civilian factories, telling them in advance what munitions they would produce after mobilization. It meant Pentagon purchases of about \$1 billion of machine tools. It meant entire mothballed factories, such as tank plants near Detroit. It

meant a \$7 billion stock of strategic materials, ready to feed war industry during mobilization.

Every one of these vast federal programs is crumbling away or being given searching re-examination. Reason: the pace of any full-scale war involving hydrogen warheads deliverable by missile or bomber will leave no time for mobilizing industry. The battles must be fought with "forces in being."

Already the armed services have begun unloading their machine tools on the market, about 15,000 of them in the latest batch. And complete production-line "packages" formerly in mothballs have been raided for particular machines usable for current production. Millions of dollars of tools have been taken, for instance, to make the J-57 jet engine.

The "phantom contracts" plan, which had 35,000 firms signed up at the outbreak of the Korean war, has deteriorated by 17,000 enrollees. The Air Force now gives every indication that it will junk its part of the program.

Government-owned factories, too, are getting close scrutiny, and Air Force men predict that some will be auctioned. As for defense stockpiling, a special committee appointed by Gordon Gray, head of the Office of Defense Mobilization, urges an end to mineral hoarding, already down to a snail's pace.

But while the men around mobilizer Gray reluctantly agree that the whole "mobilization" idea is becom-

ing largely obsolete, they say the time is ripe for an entirely new blueprint. This would be designed to assure survival of a substantial proportion of the population after the big cities have been blitzed and vast areas drenched with radioactive fallout.

ODM officials are convinced that the government should not only hang onto the tools being disposed of by the military but buy other equipment, such as earthmoving machinery, and stash it all underground. The tools would be used for rebuilding the civilian economy following a nuclear attack.

"In a full-scale nuclear war," explain defense planners, "victory probably will go to the side best able to pick up the pieces after the radioactive dust has cleared."

The ODM, in conjunction with other federal agencies, already has drawn up a list containing nearly 300 items which planners think will be necessary to guarantee survival of that part of the population not killed by blast, heat, or fallout.

The list includes such items as bandages, surgical instruments, food, underwear, sleeping bags, fuels for generating electricity, emergency sewage-treatment supplies, and bulldozers. The planners even contemplate stocking emergency money in small-town banks.

The Federal Civil Defense administration now has \$225 million of medical and engineering supplies stored in nontarget areas. But present

medical supplies, capable of treating 5 million people for three weeks, are considered hopelessly inadequate. In a recent mock attack on the U. S. the "injured" alone totaled many times that number.

Even more furious than the debate on how to plan for revival of the economy is the controversy raging over ways to assure survival of a large part of the population in the event of an enemy attack.

Two years ago, FCDA officials took the position that evacuation was a primary civil-defense measure. Shelter protection against the effects of high-yield nuclear weapons, it was contended, would be prohibitively expensive. Early last year, officials did a complete flip-flop and endorsed a nation-wide shelter program.

But now the FCDA appears to be wavering again. A bill introduced into Congress last year proposing a federal shelter program has neither been endorsed by the FCDA nor pushed by its officials. "It's hard enough to get people to make a few emergency plans, let alone build a flock of expensive shelters," says one official. Costs of a nation-wide shelter program have been variously estimated at \$10 billion to \$60 billion.

Even outside authorities can't agree. Eminent nuclear physicist Dr. Edward Teller thinks we ought to build a chain of deep underground shelters large enough to hold 1,000 people each. The equally notable Rockefeller and Gaither reports question the feasibility of deep under-

NOW AND AT THE HOUR...

An unexpected development linked physical and spiritual peril in the minds of listeners to radio station WISN, Milwaukee, Wis.

Microphones had been set up on the roof of the WISN studios to catch the testing of the civil-defense air-raid signal. An announcer warned, "Listen carefully to the test alert signal. Check how well your family is prepared for emergencies. It takes only a small effort on your part to meet and defeat disaster."

What the audience heard next was not the alert siren, but the pealing of the noonday Angelus from the convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Milwaukee *Sentinel*
(13 March '58).

ground shelters, but urge a nationwide network of fallout shelters.

Gen. C. R. Huebner, director of the New York state Civil Defense commission, says that "right now we're not prepared for evacuation from our major cities," and adds, "we're not going to put people in the countryside unless preparations have been made to receive them."

In another office a few blocks away Maj. Gen. (Ret.) Robert Condon, director of civil defense for New York City, declares that reception areas in nearby cities and states are

prepared to house and feed New York's 8 million inhabitants in the event of enemy attack there. He acknowledges, though, that neither New York's masses nor residents of the reception areas know about the plan.

Most local CD organizations are in feeble condition. "Some cities have no staffs; a number have only part-time officials; others are just plain dragging their heels," concedes George B. Owen, acting director of the FCDA survival planning project.

Planning is bogged down by the utter lack of interest on the part of the public. Some folks are apathetic because they are confident they would not be in a target area. Others, more pessimistic, contend there can be no defense against a nuclear blast. Even where there is sympathy for the idea of civil defense, there is an almost complete lack of information about what to do in an attack.

A former civil-defense official of a small Eastern community says part of the public's apathy can be traced to CD directives. "I have studied federal and state CD manuals; none is complete, though most are verbose," he complains.

Some CD authorities propose that the average citizen transform the basement of his home into a shelter area. They contend that people outside the immediate blast area (a large bomb would devastate a ten-mile area) would have anywhere from one to five hours to take shelter against fallout.

New York state CD officials suggest constructing a lean-to in the cellar of one's home and stocking it with food, water, blankets, a battery radio, medical supplies, house-repair material, and drinking water. A Geiger counter is recommended by some so that you'll know when it's safe to emerge. Experts reckon that this will be about 48 hours after the fallout hits your area.

One conscientious citizen near an East Coast city equipped his cellar for a 30-day siege at a total cost of only \$149. This included food, \$98.60; army cots, \$21.80; extra blankets, \$14.35; medical supplies, \$5.10; and window glass and boards to seal basement windows, \$9.15.

Proponents of the home-shelter program argue that one CD official in every community should equip

his own house for survival, then hold demonstrations for all householders in the community.

Others take a dim view of the home-shelter proposal. They say that to prepare a house for shelter there must be at least a yard of dirt or concrete around that part of the foundation that is above ground level. "With the public's present indifference to civil defense, how many people will disfigure the outside of their homes by piling dirt all around the foundation?" skeptics ask.

Even more perplexing is what to do about the radiation "shine down" from fallout on roofs. Nuclear experts say that unless a sprinkler system can be devised to wash fallout off the roof, lethal radiation will work its way right down to the basement shelter.



JOURNEY WITHOUT MAPS

A man, having imbibed too freely at a bar not far from his office, and realizing that he was in no condition to get home by himself, made his way to the nearest sidewalk telephone booth and called up his wife. "I'm afraid I've had a drop too much," he explained frankly. "Do you suppose you could get the car out and come and get me?"

"Why, certainly, dear," replied his forgiving spouse. "Where shall I pick you up?"

"That's just the catch," replied her husband. "To tell you the truth, I don't know where I am."

"Just read me the street signs at the nearest intersection," his wife suggested.

The tipsy one did as he was bidden, and returned to the telephone a few minutes later. "I'm right at the corner of Walk and Don't Walk," he reported.

Jerome Beatty, Jr. in the *Saturday Review* (5 April '58).



A Mass I Remember

*It was easier to be a good Catholic
when I faced martyrdom*

ONLY three or four families had gathered to greet the priest. They would be marked families from that time on.

He had come a great distance, that sturdy Latin-American priest, to the vast Argentine deltaland where no priest had come for months. He had come dressed in ordinary clothing, but now, in our shabby little chapel, he wore a cassock.

There were not enough benches. We stood grouped around him, a tight knot of people who had risked death to be here. We were fearful, but determined. We were the meek who would yet inherit the earth.

The priest beamed at us through his thick spectacles. I found myself thinking, "He doesn't look like the stuff of which martyrs are made; yet, when he goes back to his own parish, far away, he may walk into a trap."

Yes, he was made of martyr stuff, merry and earthy though he might seem! Looking at his firm, plump features, I could picture no shadowy halo framing them. Yet there he

stood, facing unimaginable danger with good humor and cheer.

He walked out in front of the tarnished, neglected altar, almost ready to begin the Mass. But he had a few words to say first. Our hearts yearned for the ancient ritual that was about to be repeated; our souls hungered for the heavenly Bread. Tears stood in our eyes as the priest spoke casually about all the martyrs who had died for the Church since it began. "Persecutions don't frighten us!" he said. He spoke of Spain and Mexico, and of how the Church had withstood her enemies in those places. Neither would the Church be destroyed here, he assured us.

As he donned the green-and-gold vestments, he explained each item as he put it on, telling us of its historical and ritualistic significance. He explained, too, our reason for lighting candles and using altar cloths. We listened attentively, eager though uninstructed Catholics that we were.

Then he looked up at the one statue in the chapel, high above the

*194 E. 76th St., New York City 21. February, 1958. © 1958 by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, and reprinted with permission.

altar. (Well, not *high*, exactly. The chapel had been only a tiny pharmacy before the owner died, leaving this low-ceilinged, flat-roofed building to the Church.)

The priest pointed to the statue, an image of the Blessed Virgin, and said, "My children, always be loyal to her. Who ceases to respect her, soon ceases to be loyal to her Son, Jesus Christ. Those who hurt the Church always attack her in particular. They know that if they can weaken our love for the Blessed Virgin, we will soon give up our other beliefs as well."

I nodded vehemently in agreement. I was a convert, and a love for our Lady had been a gift obtained only in answer to anxious prayer.

"She is the Tower of David of our Church, guarding the citadel founded on her Son's divinity," he went on. "Demote her, and you will soon find her Son demoted, until He ceases to be recognized as God the Son."

The priest continued, "There is a story behind this statue. Some of you may already know it. The statue was given by a mother who feared to lose her only son, dying of encephalitis." (I started. My baby son once lay dying of that dread disease, ten years ago.)

"It all happened three years ago," he went on. "The mother promised to buy this statue for the chapel if the child recovered. The child now is well, and the promise, as you see, has been kept. The mother and son are both with us today, and I have

her permission to tell the story."

In front of me, a woman and a boy nodded in confirmation. My husband Vadim and I exchanged glances. I knew that he too must be remembering the healing of our own second son from that same illness.

"So, *amados hermanos*," the priest ended his account, "do not hesitate to bring your troubles to our Lady. Pray to her now, that she will restore peace and liberty to our land. Let us recite a Hail Mary for this intention before beginning Mass."

Just then, a group of idlers passed on the road, sun-haloed in their own dust eddies. They stopped to peer in at us through the grimy windowpanes of plain glass. I stared back at their hostile faces. Faces much like theirs I had seen illuminated by flames on that night of horror when beautiful, historic churches had been desecrated in Buenos Aires, just two months before.

What dark thoughts flickered behind those shuttered visages? Did they despise us for our "credulity"? Did they suspect us of disloyalty to dictator Peron? Or did they perhaps only envy us, wishing that they could share our clear convictions? "If so, dear God," we prayed then, "help them to understand."

The Mass began. We forgot the passing of time. Just two days ago I had gone to Mass in the lovely Santissimo Sacramento church in Buenos Aires, but now that seemed years away. For *this* might be the last time! One never knew. At any time

our priests might all be taken from us and imprisoned or murdered as in Mexico.

And now—beautiful sight and sound—Vadim's son and mine, ringing the Sanctus bell. "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of thy glory."

Familiar Latin words swept us onward, toward the awful instant of Consecration. In silence, Christ would come at the priest's bidding to each one of us.

The Consecration over, each member of the tiny congregation seemed to sigh. Our two baby daughters (Vadim and I were each holding one) began to squirm. They had been baptized just an hour ago, and, although it had all been very exciting, for they were only one and three years old, the sudden silence had puzzled them.

As the priest consumed the sacred Host, we offered up our prayers for Argentina. Presently he turned to us, and we moved toward the altar for Communion. Our two little girls toddled after us and knelt beside us at the altar steps. And now Christ was in our hearts. Our baby girls once more clutched in our arms, we made our way back to our places.

That hour of glory, cherished

now in our memory, is over. The workaday world is back with us again. The persecutions we expected never came.

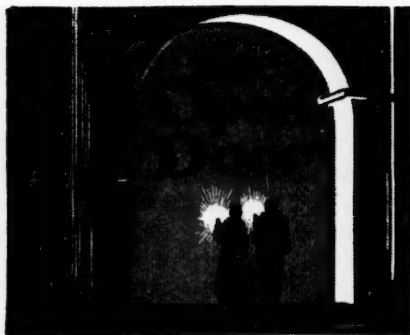
More than two years have passed since that fearful yet wonderful winter. I no longer get into Buenos Aires regularly to the part-time job I used to have, but remain in our island home, devoting my full time to the rearing of our children.

During those months of trial and danger, our people were able to receive Communion several times a week; now, months must pass before we can approach the altar. Our tiny *capilla* of Villa Paranacito stands lonely and forgotten, its altar dusty and tarnished. The priest comes but infrequently to this remote place. And our group of local Catholic families, once so united in the face of danger, seldom see each other any more.

Must another persecution come before we again consciously recognize each other as members of the mystical Body of Christ? Now it is our Lord who awaits us in the sacred Host, even as we once eagerly awaited Him. It is we who cannot keep the appointment. Remember us and all those who are like us when next you go to Mass.

A youngster wrote the admissions office of an old university requesting "catalogues, stickers, and penance." He received the catalogues and stickers all right, but in place of the third item the admissions director had enclosed a note: "For penance, may I suggest a few hours a day with a good dictionary?"

Charles V. Mathis.



A HUSBAND'S PATIENCE rooted in love was the channel of my conversion. When I married Tom, I was a "confirmed" non-Catholic who openly declared, "I will never join the Catholic Church." Except for my three instructions before marriage, my only knowledge of the Church was from hearsay.

After we married, we went to our separate churches. I often argued loudly against his Church, declaring its inadequacies. Never once did Tom condemn my church. So patiently did he bear my tirades, so rock-like was he in his own faith, that my curiosity began to displace my bigotry. I asked questions about the faith, casually, and Tom answered them gently. I even went to a high Mass with him. I found myself wanting to know more, but I was too embarrassed to tell my husband. Secretly, I called on his pastor.

After three meetings with the priest, my whole outlook brightened, and I knew that I wanted to join the Church. When I told Tom my decision two weeks later, he was the happiest human being I have ever seen, besides myself.

Mrs. T. A. Daniel.

I WAS WONDERING how to break the news to my husband that I would like to take instructions in the Catholic religion. Then one evening he came home and announced that he had an appointment to see a priest about taking instructions himself. Delightedly, we danced into each other's arms, and went to see the priest together. Last year, our whole family was baptized.

It began when my husband, an artist, took a few art lessons in a town we were visiting on our vacation two years ago. In the studio was a painting of Christ. The picture haunted him. When we returned home, he decided to paint a head of Jesus.

For background, he read the Gospels and looked through all the other books he could find on Christ. He painted several pictures, but was not satisfied; then one evening I suggested that he pray for help, since he had gotten nowhere on his own. The result was astounding. When the painting was finished we hung it, as usual, to dry in the living room.

I could not go through a day without at least one question, sometimes several, coming to mind as I worked in the presence of the painting. It was as if the picture was asking questions, and driving me to read the Bible and other literature for the answers.

From all this reading, both my husband and I came to the same conclusion: that the churches we had attended did not teach the full message of Christ; that the only one that did, as near as we could tell, was the Catholic Church. Thus did a painting by my husband bring us the peace we had been seeking.

Mrs. O. S. McDaniel.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

The Power of a Woman

Never underestimate the League of Women Voters

IN AN ILLINOIS TOWN, members of the local League of Women Voters were worried about overcrowding of their schools. They asked town councilmen for school additions and more teachers; and thereupon they were asked, "Where will the money come from?"

The money *had* to come from somewhere, these women resolved. They took another long look at their town. It had grown in a few years from 3,500 residents to more than 19,000. Were equitable taxes being collected on all of its new construction?

They conferred with tax officials and found them cooperative but overworked. Full taxes were not being paid on many properties, the officials admitted. Real estate needed to be reappraised, parcel by parcel, but the tax office just didn't have the extra help.

"You've got your help now!" a league spokeswoman assured him.

During the next few weeks, scores of league women canvassed the town. Many of them carried babies or pushed strollers as they worked. They noted all kinds of new construction: porches, driveways, garages. To estimate lot sizes, they



counted utility poles or sidewalk squares, meanwhile dodging yipping dogs, irate owners, and suspicious policemen. After the first weary day, most of the women changed over from high heels to low comfortable ones, but they finished their job.

Results were amazing. Well over \$1 million in additional property valuation had been uncovered. Current and future taxes on this new property proved enough to provide the needed classrooms and teachers.

Multiply this public-service project by 1,023—the number of League of Women Voters groups in the U. S., Alaska, and Hawaii—and you will get an idea of the enormous civic work being performed yearly by

the league's nearly 130,000 members.

Each league group works on one or more service projects, large or small. All of them strive to get out the vote. The Highland Park, Ill., league boasts 99.4% registration of 13,100 eligible voters, with only a few holdouts. The Chicago group spent five years preparing a thorough 64-page handbook called *Key to Chicago Government*. The book describes the functions and duties of municipal departments so that the average citizen can understand them. Nearly 50,000 copies were distributed to voters and placed in schools and libraries.

League members spend much of their time showing people how to mark their ballots correctly or how to operate voting machines. "You'd be surprised how many intelligent people spoil their ballots," a league member reveals. She tells a story about a certain U. S. senator who addressed her group. At one point in his talk he held up an old, heavy-barreled fountain pen. "For more than 20 years," he said, "I've checked my ballots with this same pen."

The women didn't have the heart to tell him that in his state ballots marked in ink don't count!

Some leagues have been fighting graft and political corruption for years. More often, though, you will find local groups hotly campaigning for municipal reforms like new charters, voting machines, better sewage disposal.

They succeed, too. Two years ago the Los Angeles group made a national study of trash collection and noted that Los Angeles was the only large U. S. city which removed garbage and cans but refused rubbish. Residents either burned their trash in back-yard incinerators or paid private scavenger services. Incinerators could be used only on "green" days, when the smog was light, so trash often accumulated. And then the city dropped a bombshell. After October, 1957, it directed, back-yard incinerators would be illegal because they increased smog.

The league vigorously protested that municipal trash collection was as much a health service as sewage disposal or pure water supply. It submitted facts and figures to back its stand.

A council hearing on the matter was suddenly scheduled for a June morning. It was the day after schools had been dismissed. "Most of us had to watch our children," a league woman explains. "We decided to bring them along to the hearing. And that gave us another idea."

Next morning 50 women and children picketed the City Hall. Costumed tots carried colored signs, each one a takeoff on a nursery rhyme: "Jack and Jill went over the hill, they couldn't pay their rubbish bill," and "Cinderella sat in the ash, nobody came to pick up her trash." Soon crowds gathered; then radio and TV reporters arrived to record the excitement. Inside City Hall, red-faced

councilmen were not long assembled before they voted \$3 million for emergency trash collection. Later, a referendum was offered to the voters, who voted overwhelmingly for permanent collection. League women had won their fight.

The League of Women Voters is a stepdaughter of the old National American Women's Suffrage association, which fought for more than 70 years to win women's right to vote. When the original organization achieved its goal in 1920, its members disbanded the old group and formed the new league. Its first aim was to guard women's precious new franchise.

The league is not a federation of clubs but a single unit with many groups. It operates, like government, on local, state, and national levels. The bulk of its work is done without salary by members. Even its full-time officers receive no pay.

The league is strictly nonpartisan. It supports civic issues, not political parties. It prefers to educate a voter on an issue rather than tell him how to vote. "Each citizen," the league constantly reminds voters, "must share responsibility for the actions of government."

The league is no place for either prima donnas or opportunists. Often as not, after converting politicians to a special cause, league groups retire from the limelight to let the politicians take the bows. Although it has not received just credit, the league has fought for and won many im-

provements in the U. S. Children's bureau, the Federal Trade commission, and the Food and Drug administration. It thinks efficient operation of these bureaus is essential to the health of every American family.

What is the average league member like? Somebody made a survey among 971 delegates to a recent convention in Chicago, and arrived at some interesting facts. All but 25 were married and had an average of two to three children. Ages ranged widely, from 23 to 74, with a majority in their late 30's and early 40's. Only five of the 971 were divorced.

Nearly all were also active in church work, Scout programs, PTA's, or service organizations. Eighty-five per cent of the delegates surveyed had some college or advanced education. (However, neither its past president, Miss Anna Lord Strauss, nor its present president, Mrs. John G. Lee, ever attended college.)

Somehow, most of the busy delegates also find time for hobbies like reading, gardening, music, antiques, collecting. Attitudes of husbands toward their wives' work were variously described as "proud," "cooperative," "tolerant," "amused," "wary."

One laughing delegate told about a league member who mailed scores of post cards to friends, urging their support of some proposed legislation. The woman's husband filched her mailing list, and followed up with his own post cards, pleading, "Don't mind my wife—vote against it!"

Some league projects are real-

ly tough ones, requiring enormous work from members. Dade county, Florida leaguers found this out when the four local leagues started a campaign for "home rule" and a new charter.

At that time the state ruled every city, town, and hamlet. If a community wished to change the name of a street or hire some additional policemen, it had to draw up a bill and submit it for approval to the state legislature, which met for only 60 days every two years.

When the question of home rule for Dade county was put to the voters last year, league women really had their work cut out for them. They passed circulars from house to house, handed them to shoppers in front of busy supermarkets, slipped them onto autos in parking lots. Other women mailed thousands of letters to registered voters. One group spent arduous hours for many days telephoning voters. An unbelievable

40,000 calls were made during the campaign.

But their work paid off; home rule was won by a good margin. And although league women seldom are offered any special plaudits, the *Miami Herald* awarded them first prize for service to the community.

The president of the League of Women Voters, now in her fourth term, comely Mrs. Lee, is mother of four grown children and grandmother of four. She is the daughter of Hiram Maxim, the inventor. Her pet peeves, she says, are stuffed shirts and pompous politicians.

Mrs. Lee has been a member of the league for 24 years. She wishes that every American woman could take part in the organization's work.

"Women have a special gift for human relations, and they will work to meet human needs," she says. "No woman can work as a league member without developing and enhancing her own character."

TEXAN TESTAMENT

The big fellow in the smoking car left no doubt in anyone's mind that he came from Texas. "And where," he asked the man next to him, "do you live?"

"Boston," was the reply.

The Texan launched a ten-minute eulogy of the bravery of the heroes of the Alamo, then turned again to the Bostonian. "Never produced any men like that back in your part of the country, did you?"

"How about Paul Revere?" asked the Bostonian.

"Revere . . . Revere . . ." muttered the Texan. Then he snapped his fingers. "Got it! He's the chap who ran for help!"

Mary Alkus.



Susan in Wonderville

*At 13, Miss Heinkel is a veteran
of ten years in show business*

SUSAN HEINKEL, an unspoiled little girl with big brown eyes and shimmering brown hair, has proved herself, in the words of *Life* magazine, "the best child performer regularly on TV." With a relaxed poise comparable to Perry Como's, the star of *Susan's Show* ad-libs her way charmingly through five half-hour programs on weekday afternoons over Chicago's WBBM-TV. For nine months, from May, 1957, through January, 1958, she repeated her performance on Saturday mornings for a CBS-TV network audience.

A cheery "Hi, kids, my name's Susan!" from the four-foot, nine-inch moppet starts each show off in "mother's kitchen," an outsize set designed to make Susan look even smaller than she is. After a few pre-

liminary remarks, Susan gathers Rusty, her tiny cairn terrier, into her arms. Then she sits up straight on a backless kitchen chair, and murmuring, "I wish there were a land of play; I wish that I could fly away!" she is transported through the video void to Wonderville.

This fantasy land, like the Land of Oz and Alice's Wonderland, is populated with charming and highly unusual characters. Its chief citizens are an irascible talking table named Mr. Pegasus and a tone-deaf band conductor, Maestro Caesar P. Penguin, who leads (or misleads) a woodland symphony of puppets.

The talented little girl who presides over this mixture of adventure, whimsy, melody, and humor has been performing for ten years, though she is now only 13. Susan was born in St. Louis, Mo., where her father, Walter Heinkel, is a manufacturer's agent in the plumbing-fixture business. She was baptized in Our Lady of Sorrows church and later received her First Communion and was Confirmed there. When Susan was three, her mother entered

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. May, 1958. © 1958, and reprinted with permission.

her in a dancing class for tots. Carmen Thomas, who conducted the group, was asked to select some of her pupils for a Christmas pageant at the Jefferson hotel. She picked little Susan to portray Shirley Temple.

Russ Severin, master of ceremonies for a local children's TV program, saw Susan in the pageant; he decided that she was just what he wanted for his *Junior Jamboree* series. Her clearest memory of his show is an incident that happened on-camera. She and another four-year-old were singing a duet when the other little girl suddenly went blank and forgot a portion of the song. Susan turned to her partner, and declared, "Now, see what you've done! You've ruined my act!"

Commercial photographers began to call for Susan as a model. It wasn't long before she was kept busy modeling for all the major department stores in St. Louis.

When Mrs. Heinkel heard from a friend that the St. Louis Municipal Opera needed child performers, she took Susan for an audition. It was successful. The youngster made her stage debut in the kiddie chorus of *The Red Mill*. She loved the excitement of the musical comedy, and the opera company loved her.

During the next few years, she took part in 12 more musical comedies, graduating to more important roles with each show. She played with Mary McCarty in *Panama Hattie* and with Kyle McDonnell in

South Pacific. She also won acclaim in *Annie*, *Get Your Gun*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *Show Boat*.

When she wasn't performing professionally, she would act with her father in amateur plays put on by their parish theater group, the Rosatic Dramatic club. The family enjoyed the busman's holidays, especially when dad played a character part like that of the bishop in *The Velvet Glove*. An incident which the Heinkels still laugh about occurred when Susan played the role of her father's granddaughter in the comedy *Apple of His Eye*. In a scene in which he held his daughter on his lap, dad, as granddad, forgot his lines. Susan, who had memorized the complete script, paused only a few seconds at her father's unscheduled, "Well . . . uh . . . well . . .," then finished out the scene not only delivering her half of the dialogue but also "feeding" her forgetful parent his lines in a whisper.

She was signed as a regular on the *Gil Newsome Show*, a TV disc-jockey program. She usually had to "lip synch" popular records, but occasionally she would work with stars who dropped in for guest appearances. Her favorite was comedian Red Skelton, who clowned outrageously and finally put her in stitches by eating the candles on the table.

Early in 1956, Bill Ryan, program director for CBS in Chicago, made a quick trip to St. Louis to get a look at a local show. By chance, he tuned in the rival station and caught a

charming little sub-teener "with all the personality in the world" happily pantomiming platters. Ryan decided to take her to Chicago for CBS. After a number of talks with Susan's parents, he did so in June, 1956. The move was a big step for the Heinkels to take. They own their home in St. Louis, and Mr. Heinkel's business is located there, though his work keeps him on the road much of the time. He decided that Susan should seize the opportunity. He would commute to Chicago every week end to be with his family.

In Chicago, the Heinkels have a cozy four-room apartment on North Lake Shore Drive, 15 minutes from the studio. Mrs. Heinkel turned down offers of a private tutor for Susan and decided she would go to a parochial school as she had in St. Louis. She was enrolled at St. Mary of the Lake school, about eight blocks from their apartment. She likes all of her subjects, especially history, and maintains a 97 average. Her biggest thrill came last year when the 7th grade elected her class president. "I didn't think a transfer student had a chance," she says.

On a typical school day, Susan is up at 7 A.M. to attend Mass at St. Mary of the Lake. She makes her own bed every day, always sets the table for dinner, and helps her mother with the dishes.

Her favorite sports are swimming, skating, horseback riding, and tennis. She is an avid reader and particularly likes "good mysteries for

children, the Nancy Drew books, and stories about horses and dogs."

Sunday afternoons often are spent in the park bicycling or playing ball with her father. "He looks forward to it," Mrs. Heinkel says, "but I'm usually too tired for strenuous exercise."

Susan plans to enter Immaculata High school next year. "I'll be able to get to school in no time now," she says. "It's just across the street." The prospect is that Susan will be doing her program or one like it until she is ready for college. Her contract with CBS has five years more to run. Meanwhile, she carries on gaily with a schedule that even a veteran performer might find taxing. Susan doesn't even consider it work.

Thirty-two men are required backstage to put *Susan's Show* on the air. Seven are technicians who manipulate the wires and controls of the Foolish Forest all-animal symphony. In the orchestra are such peerless performers as Bruce the Gopher, who plays drums; a fast-fiddling bear named Wolfgang; and Gregory, a funny-bunny flute virtuoso.

Although the program has a writer, Paul Thumpkin, Susan ad-libs much of the show in a natural, friendly way. There is only one rehearsal, shortly before the program goes on. The list of sponsors runs to 18 or more, and Susan handles all the commercials herself. "They're never done in rehearsal the way they are on the air," she reports. "During run-through, everybody gets in the act."

Principal prankster on the show is 31-year-old John Coughlin, who supplies the voices for both Mr. Pegasus and Caesar P. Penguin. John kids continuously with Susan. His confidence in her ability is so great that regularly he attempts to "break her up" by making her laugh while on the air, tossing her unrehearsed jokes and unexpected comments, revising the lyrics of verses and songs—in the lingo of show business, "throwing her curves."

"We're always laughing," she says. "I have no time to be nervous. Who could be nervous during *that* show?"

This self-assurance pays off when a real crisis occurs during a telecast. There was the program, for instance, when the magic flying kitchen chair jumped a cue and suddenly took off for Wonderville without her. Susan, unruffled, waved good-by to the errant stool and wished it a nice trip. A moment or two later, she welcomed it back, climbed aboard, and blithely went on to finish the program.

Susan's worst spot of all, perhaps, was when she threw the switch of Wonderville's cartoon-a-machine. Ordinarily, that results in the screening of a film strip detailing some of Mr. Pegasus' adventures. On this calamitous occasion, however, no cartoon! Susan and her talking-table friend, realizing the situation, picked up the pieces and ad-libbed eight long minutes of "fill."

Rusty the terrier will sometimes

playfully tear apart some of the mechanical gadgets when they light up or make noise. At home, Susan's zoo includes also two small turtles and a parakeet named Pepto, "as in Bismol." Susan is partial to birds' names beginning with the letter P. Earlier pets were Peppy, "as in Peppy-mint sticks" and Peanuts, "as in a bag, salted."

Susan receives about 600 fan letters a week. Many come from parents and grandparents commending her for the good effect her wholesome show has had on their youngsters. A typical comment: "Now they brush their hair and teeth and clean up their rooms." Personally, Susan enjoys most "the notes from boys and girls which tell if I'm getting across," but she is amused, too, by the ones which suggest jokes with which she can get even with Mr. Pegasus and the "maybe-you-need-a-partner-and-I'm-available" letters.

With such support, Susan helps keep the program on the beam. Should producer Frank Atlass, Jr., or director Barry McKinley introduce something which only grown-ups might appreciate, she says frankly, "I don't understand what you mean," and they promptly bring it down to children's level.

One of the cameramen on the show has remarked, "I have four kids, but not one of them has her manners and respect for older people." And a secretary at the station, with whom Susan now is a great favorite, admits, "I was persnickety,

I guess, and I had made up my mind in advance that I wasn't going to like the child. I used to think that show-biz kids were unbearable, and couldn't be nice, but Susan changed my mind."

To Susan's parents, it is far more important that she be nice than that she be famous. "She's very down to earth," Mrs. Heinkel says. "My husband and I have instilled the fact that we don't want a celebrity, just a little girl like other little girls. We never use the word *star* with Susan."

Susan first realized how many people knew her when she was asked to make a personal appearance one Saturday morning in Chicago. She rode just two blocks in an open car. One hundred thousand cheering people lined the streets. "The experience flabbergasted Susan," her mother reports.

She became the center of an even bigger celebration when she was brought back to St. Louis for a special Christmas *Susan Comes Home* TV show, on which she narrated *The Littlest Angel*. This home coming pleased her not so much because of the city-wide hoopla but because it tickled two of her favorite fans in St. Louis: her cousin Shirley, who is Sister Terese of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, and another cousin, Jerry Neihouse, who is preparing for Holy Orders at Kendrick seminary there.

If her parents wanted her to Susan could earn much more money than she does, even though her in-

come is well up in the five-figure bracket. But, Mrs. Heinkel explains, "Like all parents, we want her to be happy. Anything she does must be best for her or we don't want her to do it at all."

She has no agent other than her parents. "An agent," says Mrs. Heinkel, "would always be looking for something for her to do." The only recording she has made to date was a song called *Hiawatha's Mittens*. The Cinderella Dress Co., the firm which furnishes Susan's wardrobe for the show, merchandised copies of this record with its line of dresses for junior misses.

The Heinkels have no desire to transplant Susan to New York or Hollywood. "We're being practical," says Mrs. Heinkel. "My husband has no intention of giving his business up. We're not eager to jump into anything that might hurt Susan. We have to be shown."

Ask Susan what she wants to do when she grows up, and she tells you, "I'd like to be like Miss Helen Hayes." Says her mother, "We have no plans for Susan beyond college, but if she's not before the cameras or on the stage, I think she may want to produce or write shows."

Whatever Susan Heinkel is doing professionally ten years from now, it is likely that she will be a happy, well-adjusted person. She already has a mature attitude toward her glamorous work. "When I leave the studio," she says, "I leave the show there until I come back."

Areas of Agreement

Twenty-fifth and last in a series of articles on the Catholic Digest Survey of the race problem in the U. S.

WHITES AND NEGROES, North and South, are in substantial agreement on almost half of a long list of considerations bearing on the race question in the U.S. This is probably the most important of the findings of a survey of the race problem conducted by Ben Gaffin & Associates, public-opinion research firm, for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, and published in THE DIGEST over the last two years.

The survey was based on 2,000 interviews divided evenly among four representative types of people: Northern whites, Southern whites, Northern Negroes, and Southern Negroes. All interviews were made personally, and practically all at the homes of the persons questioned. All of the whites were interviewed by white interviewers and all of the Negroes by Negro interviewers. The interviewing was done during December, 1955, and January and February, 1956.

The research was done and was reported in THE DIGEST during a period when the Negro-white problem predominated in the national news, as attempts were being made

to implement or circumvent the historic ruling against segregated schools that was handed down by unanimous decision of the U.S. Supreme Court on May 17, 1954.

The greater part of whites and Negroes in America were found to be in agreement on 38 points involving the race question. They may have sometimes agreed for different reasons, with different motivations, or with special reservations, but it is nevertheless encouraging that so many issues are reasonably well settled.

One of the chief points on which nearly all of America agreed at the time of the survey—pre-Sputnik, but also pre-Explorer—was that the race problem was the most important one facing the nation, ranking even ahead of juvenile delinquency, the atom bomb, and international hostility. But a wide discrepancy was found in opinions about the true nature of the Negro-white problem. More than half of the Northern whites and of Negroes in both sections of the country think of the race problem in terms of whites' prejudice, fear, and hatred, with discrim-

ination and inequality as consequences, but nearly half of all Southern whites conceive the real problem to be desegregation.

Nevertheless, majorities in each of the four groups agreed that although solution of the race problem will be difficult—prejudice, fear, and misunderstanding making up the biggest obstacle—it will be effected some day.

Naturally, practically everyone said that most Negroes want the race problem to be solved, and also that Negroes need more help than they have had so far—that whites should not leave it up to Negroes to work out a solution alone, nor that individuals should leave it up to the government alone. Indeed, it was universally agreed that a definite plan is needed for solving the problem, and that such a plan must include keeping the problem out in front of the people.

The survey showed that not only do Negroes want pride in race, but that such racial pride is a help in solving the race problem. Great emphasis was placed on the need for better education of both whites and colored, since college-trained whites and college-trained Negroes both are the most friendly to the other race, respectively; and that education does more good than laws in solving the problem. In fact, it was generally agreed that enforcement of present laws is more needed than either additional laws or fewer laws. Majorities in all groups held that churches have not done all they should to help.

Other points of agreement on helps toward solution of the race problem include: slum clearance and low-rent housing; willingness to work alongside members of the other race; higher wages and better jobs for Negroes; more Negro business and professional men, and stars of sports and stage; more opportunities for Negroes to vote.

The survey showed that Southern whites are most often the dissenters from majority opinion in the nation. Majorities or pluralities of Southern whites were at odds with predominating opinions in the other three groups, for instance, in holding that Negroes are different from whites in other ways than color; that the two races should be kept apart; and that laws against segregated schools hurt solution of the problem, even going so far as to assert in the face of overwhelming Negro declarations to the contrary that Negroes themselves want segregated schools.

Other areas in which Southern whites differed from the rest of the population were these: that solution of the race problem is growing farther from reality; that Negroes in segregated neighborhoods are more friendly toward whites than Negroes in mixed neighborhoods; that spreading Negroes through white neighborhoods would hurt solution of the race problem. They also held, as a lone majority, that social meeting of Negroes and whites hurts solution of the problem; that church desegregation does likewise; that the federal

government should keep hands off; that fair-employment-practice legislation aggravates the problem. They wish Negro professional people to serve only Negroes. They themselves wish only whites to serve them as taxicab driver, policeman, hospital nurse, salesgirl, lawyer, judge, insurance man. They are opposed to Negro politicians and the NAACP.

The third large finding of the survey was that Negroes differ from whites less often than the whites, North and South, differ from each other. However, a few points involve special views by Southern Negroes: for one thing, Southern Negroes, by and large, feel that most whites do not want to have the race problem solved. They also side with Northern whites in thinking that Negroes in the South worry more about the race problem than Negroes in the North.

The general Negro opinion in the U.S. is that whites living in mixed neighborhoods are more friendly to Negroes than other whites are; that it doesn't matter to most Negroes whether they live in white or Negro neighborhoods; and that housing projects should have mixed occupancy. Inter-marriage, say majorities or pluralities of Negroes in both North and South, disagreeing with and perplexed over preponderant white opinion in both sections, either helps toward solution of the race problem or makes no difference.

Majority Negro opinion, as against similar white opinion, is that the Catholic Church has done more than other religious groups to solve the race problem. The proportion of Negroes who think thus is the more remarkable in the light of the fact that only 9% of all Negroes have Catholic leanings. Nevertheless, a wide gap still exists between the acceptance of religious principles and the translation of principles into practice.

"Let us make no mistake about it," said Archbishop Cushing last March 8 in Boston. "The rights of coexistence in society and of participation in the benefits which society is destined to create and to utilize for the common good are among the inalienable rights with which every being is born into this world."

The race problem will not be solved until there is a universal acceptance of the principles stated by the archbishop: of the fact that there is but one human race, not two or more, and that all men are equals as spiritual persons. It was with this truth in mind that THE CATHOLIC DIGEST embarked upon its survey of the race problem, and THE DIGEST now believes that its findings can be of real help in lighting the path toward eventual solution of what the people have named the biggest problem in the U.S.: the Negro-white problem.



If a rabbit's foot was really lucky it would still be hopping around with the other three.

Paul McElaney.

A Pilgrim at Poland's Shrine

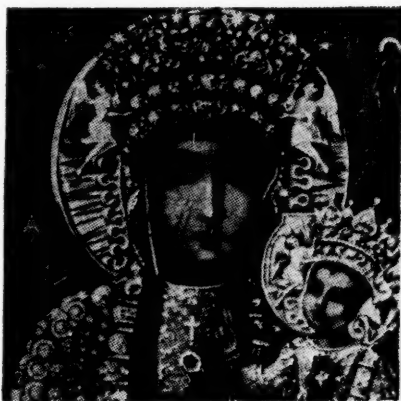
Hundreds of thousands of Poles rededicate their suffering nation to Our Lady of Czestochowa

I CAME TO Jasna Gora, the Shining Mountain, up a wide avenue of birches that leads from the industrial town of Czestochowa. The summit dominates the rolling countryside for miles. A towering church, surrounded by a fortress, walled in by medieval ramparts, surges gloriously toward the sky.

The chapel of Jasna Gora houses the miraculous image of the Black Madonna, Poland's most treasured icon. The picture is said to have been painted by St. Luke on a table of dark cypress wood built by St. Joseph; the Virgin, says the legend, sat in front of St. Luke while he painted.

In the 14th century, brigands tried to steal the picture and carry it across the border into Germany, but when they arrived at the border their horses, "moved by a miraculous force," refused to go any farther. The picture had to be returned to the monastery. In 1430, Russian soldiers tried to destroy the icon. Their saber slashes can still be seen on the Virgin's cheek.

The real "miracle of Jasna Gora" took place 301 years ago, when more



than 10,000 Swedish troops besieged the monastery throughout a long, bitter winter. The monks, under command of the heroic Abbot Kordecki, assisted by a handful of Polish troops, held out against the besieging forces. The "Swedish deluge," as historians refer to it, swept over the entire country. Czestochowa remained one of the few unconquered cities and strongholds in Poland.

After all his attacks had been successfully hurled back by the monks, General Miller, the Swedish commander, ordered that the siege be lifted. He found himself with a near

*Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 101 5th Ave., New York City 3. © 1958 by Christine Hotchkiss, and reprinted with permission. 247 pp. \$3.95.

mutiny on his hands, his soldiers swearing that "their own bullets came bouncing back at them from the monastery walls," and that "heavenly forces were on the side of the monks," whose ammunition was supposed to have run out weeks before. The soldiers said they could clearly see the figure of a lady in a blue cloak, floating above the basilica spires and covering the fortress with her mantle.

The defense of the monastery turned the war in Poland's favor. It revived the weakened morale of the nation and restored its willingness to fight. Swedish troops were driven out of the country. John Casimir, King of Poland and Grand Duke of Lithuania, declared that "here was a clear case of miraculous intervention by the Virgin," and pledged himself and his nation to the service of "Our Lady, Queen of the Crown of Poland."

To this day Polish Catholics annually renew their vows to her. In 1957 Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, the Primate of Poland, led the nation in renewing the pledge. It was also the opening of a novena of nine Marian years, which will end in 1966, on the 1,000th anniversary of Poland's conversion to Christianity.

It was late afternoon when I arrived at Jasna Gora. Humanity covered the summit of the hill. Hundreds of thousands must have been there. They stood quietly; some prayed, some gazed upward at the ramparts covered with Polish flags.

A temporary altar had been erected on the wall. Many fingered rosary beads or made the Stations of the Cross.

They had come from all over Poland: mountaineers from the Tatras, wearing their richly embroidered felt capes; farmers' wives from near Lowicz, in green and yellow striped costumes; Mazovian fishermen's wives from Kurpie, in striped shawls; workers, farmers in everyday clothes—a vast concourse of pilgrims, some of whom had journeyed here on foot. It was the hour of the Holy Eucharist procession, after which Cardinal Wyszynski was to preach.

The long procession came out of the basilica, slowly winding its way along the battlements: the clergy in their magnificent vestments; the solemn altar boys in bright red surplices, carrying tall, white candles; the bejeweled miters of the bishops and the scarlet robes of the cardinal. Banner after banner, choir after choir, the full rich panoply unfolded majestically along the medieval ramparts.

We all sank to our knees as the gold monstrance, resplendent with jewels, was raised above the altar, high against the darkening sky. The multitude prayed in silence, while the long shadows of the evening played upon the sharpness of the hill.

Suddenly there was a hush, the moment everyone had been waiting for. Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski appeared in the little chapel above the priory and prepared to lead the con-

gregation in the oath to the Virgin Mary. There was a sudden craning of necks, a silent pressure forward as if not to miss a single word. One could sense the love the people felt for the man they regard as the savior of their country.

The cardinal told the story of Poland's dedication to the Virgin Mary by John Casimir 301 years ago. The years have seen many changes in Poland's fortunes: moments of disaster, ruin, and revival; an occasional moment of triumph. Now was the time to renew the dedication: the danger to Poland had never been greater.

In a vibrant, masculine voice the cardinal repeated the oath: "Queen of Poland, I renew the pledges of our fathers and know thee as our patroness and queen. I promise thee to do all that lies in my power that Poland may in truth be the kingdom of thy Son and thine. I promise to live without mortal sin; I promise to be faithful to the Holy Church and its pastors. I promise to defend every child conceived; I promise to keep marital faith and to guard the unity of my family. I promise to live peacefully, to forgive all wrongs, and to do good to everyone; I promise to begin a relentless struggle with my faults and bad habits and to follow in the path of virtues. I promise to spread honor and devotion to thee in my surroundings and throughout the Polish land."

"We swear to thee, Mary, Queen of Poland, we swear to thee," the

crowd joined the response, their eyes upon the bulky outline of the fortress above them.

I looked at the human sea around me. This was an extraordinary crowd; nearly every face bore a history of suffering. It was the face of a nation that had been cruelly tried.

The woman next to me was lost in prayer. We had come here together, and I knew her history. She was about 40, but she looked much older. Her eyes were of a profound Slavic blue and there were deep lines on her face. In the last 18 years she had suffered more than any Westerner could imagine. She had lived under the German occupation, had spent a year and a half in forced labor, had watched her six-year-old son die of pneumonia because no drugs were available.

Later, when the Russians came, her husband was sent to prison, and she had to work long hours to feed her other two children. There was no one to help her; most of her friends and relatives were under similar stress.

She had known far less of anything, of personal possessions, of security, and of care than women in most other countries. But she had strength. She could face suffering and persecution and come out on top. Serenity came to her from her faith.

Cardinal Wyszynski raised his hand in blessing. Suddenly the mass of humanity burst into Poland's ancient hymn.

God, who for centuries has given
 Poland both glory and might:
 Who has preserved her with your
 sacred shield
 From enemies always ready to engulf
 her,
 To your altars, O God, we bring our
 fervent prayers;
 Preserve the independence of our
 country forever and ever."

The powerful song, which until recently had been banned, soared toward the evening sky, toward the spires of the basilica and the bastions on which flickering lights had appeared.

The great sea of people swayed gently, moved by one emotion. The women in the crowd were crying—and so was I.



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 118)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1. circumference (ser-kum'fer-ence) | k) External boundary "carrying around" the surface of anything. |
| 2. pestiferous (pes-tif'er-us) | i) Carrying infection; harmful to peace, morals, or society. |
| 3. differ (dif'er) | d) To disagree; to "carry apart." |
| 4. vociferate (vo-sif'er-ate) | b) To cry out loudly; "make the voice carry." |
| 5. fertile (fur'til) | a) Bearing in abundance; productive. |
| 6. afferent (af'er-ent) | j) Bearing or conducting inward, as a nerve impulse. |
| 7. efferent (ef'er-ent) | f) Bearing away or discharging, as a nerve impulse. |
| 8. confer (kon-fur') | l) To bestow; to "carry together" for comparison. |
| 9. proliferate (pro-lif'er-ate) | g) Reproduce in quick succession; to bear new buds. |
| 10. referendum (ref'er-en'dum) | c) Submitting or "carrying back" a law to a direct vote of the people. |
| 11. infer (in-fur') | h) To derive by reasoning; to "bring on." |
| 12. deference (def'er-ence) | e) Act of bearing or submitting to another's wishes; courteous regard. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

Man Against Animal

*We have bungled most of our attempts to help
nature redistribute the earth's other inhabitants*

THE MAN who introduced the virus disease myxomatosis to France received two official notices of his accomplishment. The French Forestry association gave him a medal that showed a dead rabbit on one side and pine seedlings on the other. The second notice was a subpoena. His neighbors were suing.

Myxomatosis kills rabbits like flies; it killed 99% of all the rabbits in France. The first new growth in living memory appeared in many French forests, where formerly the rabbits had nibbled off the seedlings as soon as they came up. But the cost of living went up a notch for the peasants: many had regularly stretched their meat budgets with rabbits caught along the hedgerows.

Lending nature a helping hand is

never a simple business. An Australian calamity began on Christmas day, 1850. Two dozen European rabbits were released on the estate of a settler who was homesick for the rabbit shooting of his native Britain. Their descendants supplied targets for his guns and rabbit pie for his table. After six years, he calculated that he had killed 20,000 of them and that his estate harbored at least 10,000 more. He could not count those which had gone through the fence.

Soon no one had any idea of how many rabbits lived in Australia. By 1870 they had swarmed across the width of the continent, devouring grass far faster than cattle and sheep did. Five rabbits seemingly ate as much as one sheep. A pair of sheep



might increase to three in 12 months, and four in two years. A pair of rabbits became 130 in 12 months, and 5,088 in two years.

The Australians exported 700 million rabbit skins and 157 million frozen carcasses in one decade. They supplied most of the world's demand for felt of rabbit fur. They built more than 7,000 miles of supposedly rabbit-proof fence across Queensland to hold the rabbits back. And they spent millions of dollars for bounties, ferrets, guns, poisons, traps, and every other device that could be thought of for ridding the land of the rabbits. At first only house cats offered much help, and many of them went wild as the supply of hopping meat grew easier to catch. Foxes were introduced from Europe; they ate rabbits between meals on native birds and prized marsupials.

The rabbit plague in Australia had barely reached a steady state by the end of the 2nd World War. Then the Australians introduced myxomatosis. First they tested it on kangaroos and other native wildlife; all were immune. Then wild rabbits were caught, inoculated, and freed. Each inoculated rabbit passed the disease to a few neighbors before it sickened and died. Within a year or two the wildfire epidemic killed off most of Australia's rabbits.

Gardeners and sheep raisers were overjoyed, hopeful that the disease would really exterminate every rabbit on the continent. Sportsmen and those whose livelihood depended

upon rabbits to catch, skin, and ship for meat protested. Some tried to immunize rabbits to keep a breeding stock alive. Unfortunately for the country as a whole, a few rabbits seemed naturally immune, and their immune descendants are gradually increasing again. But grass now grows where there was once desert. Fields that once fed only one sheep now support two cows.

The presence of one pest has sometimes been the reason for introducing another. Until 1851 there were no English sparrows in America. There were, however, cankerworms, a kind of inchworm caterpillar. They were biting deeply into the New England apple crop. Someone claimed that English sparrows in Europe fed extensively on caterpillars. Why not liberate a few pairs in America?

Before any competent person pointed out that the English sparrow is primarily a seed-eating weaver finch (and not a sparrow at all) the deed was done. The cankerworms continued to flourish, and so did the English sparrows. The birds helped the worms bite into the fruit, and ate buds before they opened. Moreover, the foreigner proved so beligerent that it drove many native birds from their nesting sites near cities.

In the Caribbean islands, where sugar cane grows well, rats take a large toll of the crop. Around 1870 the planters in Jamaica estimated that their losses from rats amounted

to more than half a million dollars a year. Perhaps these difficulties stemmed from the fact that the islands had no native meat eaters to hold the rats in check.

To remedy the deficiency a Jamaican planter arranged for the importation of nine mongooses from India in 1872. Within ten years the rat population had shrunk, and rat damage had dwindled to only a quarter of a million dollars a year. But nowhere on the island were poultry, lambs, young pigs, kittens, or pups safe from mongooses at night. Ground-nesting birds seemed on their way to extinction, while the population of frogs, lizards, snakes, turtles, and crabs dropped suddenly. Rabies increased in dogs. In less than two decades there was little doubt that introducing the mongoose had been a big mistake.

Midway during this trial period in the West Indies, mongooses were freed in Hawaii to control the cane-field rats. Before long the immigrants were hurrying the unique Hawaiian duck and Hawaiian goose toward extinction, and upsetting the wildlife balance in countless ways. Soon a bounty was offered for killing mongooses, though with no hope of ever exterminating them. For better or worse, the beast had become a permanent part of the Hawaiian scene.

Bringing the muskrat-like nutria from Argentina to the southern U. S. seemed likely to hurt no one. The animal was studied on its native pampas and given a clean bill of

health. It was strictly vegetarian and preferred coarse marsh grasses. Demand for its introduction came from fur trappers, since nutria fur had a high value on the market. Legislatures in Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and California were convinced that it would be a valuable addition, a fur-bearing weed cutter, eating only swamp grass.

Nutria thrive in their new homes, but disappointed the fur trappers. For some reason, their pelt quality was poor. At first only the cattle ranchers complained. They could no longer set fire to the marshes in late winter and be confident of a clean burn. The nutria cut through the grass in a way which isolated marshy islands from the flames. This activity reduced the land area that had previously grown up in spring as cattle fodder, the fresh green spears of swamp grass.

Soon the rice farmers found the nutria making burrows in the low levees between rice fields. Irrigation systems costing thousands of dollars were made worthless, and crops failed in consequence. Next the sugar-cane growers and sweet-potato planters demanded compensation. Nutria had developed a sweet tooth, and were happily chomping through valuable produce. Now California is seeking to exterminate the nutria. Similar moves are asked all along the Gulf of Mexico and as far up the Mississippi as these animals have become common.

Success in redistributing fishes has

been far greater than in the introduction of birds or mammals.

When the first rail line was completed across America, 15,000 just-hatched shad were shipped from Rochester, N.Y., to the Sacramento river in California. After seven days of travel across the bison ranges and mountains, the survivors were liberated. Enough survived so that the West Coast now has shad fishing along 3,000 miles of coast from San Diego to Kodiak island, Alaska.

Before 1879 the striped bass was strictly an Atlantic fish. In that year and in 1882, a total of 435 one-year-olds were hauled across the country and freed in San Francisco bay. The West Coast now offers some of the finest sports fishing for "stripers" to be found anywhere in the world.

The greatest success with mammals has been through transplanting native kinds from land which man wanted to areas for which he saw no present use.

Mountain goats (which really are not goats, but close relatives of the European chamois) have been moved under anesthesia from their homes in Montana to the mountains of Colorado. The pronghorn antelope (which is not a true antelope but a uniquely American type) has been moved from the Great Plains into Montana, New Mexico, and Texas, where it thrives on sagebrush and weeds without competing significantly with livestock on the open range.

In some ways man has lent animals, and himself, a helping hand.



Poetry: talking on tiptoe.

George Meredith

Black kitten with white accessories.

Virginia Conover

Campfire carving a cave out of night.

George S. Wells

Persistent as a fact. *Mary C. Dorsey*

Children growing, growing, gone.

Eddie Olynuk

Willows: half fountains, half trees.

Dale Francis

Missal dripping with ribbons.

J. F. Powers

Snipping off loose threads of conversation between her teeth.

Betty MacDonald

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

How tall will your child be?

Doctors are finding ways to speed and slow growth

MEDICAL researchers are constantly exploring growth patterns to see what can be done to assure a child of normal height. New developments give promise that all need not be left to chance. Thus far, three broad conclusions have been reached.

1. No pill or medicine is known that will add or subtract inches to a healthy child's height.

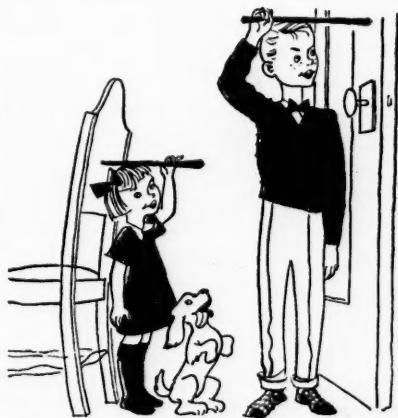
2. Some children with special problems can be helped.

3. Each child must be studied individually, to see if he really comes outside the normal height range and, if so, what aspect of his background is to blame.

Following are questions parents most often ask and the answers that recent research has provided.

Can science tell how tall a child will be?

Given his present height and age, doctors can probably tell within a few inches. They have height-prediction tables based on growth records of thousands of persons measured from birth to adult age. Predictions



are most accurate when the child is between the ages of five and nine, although sometimes even then they may be off an inch or two.

Here are some rule-of-thumb conclusions from the height-prediction tables: a boy doubles his two-year length by the time he is 18; a girl is twice her 18-month length when she reaches maturity. When a boy is six and a half and when a girl is five,

Dr. Wilkes is associate clinical professor of pediatrics in the New York University-Bellevue Post-Graduate Medical school.

*230 W. 41st St., New York City 36, Feb. 23, 1958. © 1958 by the New York Herald Tribune, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

two-thirds of full height has been reached. Three-quarters of adult height is reached when a boy is nine and a girl is seven and a half.

Is there any rule that gives an idea of how a child's height compares with the average of his age?

A useful rule is that from two to 14 years the average height is equal to double the age plus 30 inches. Don't be overly concerned with the average. Although your child may differ from his age group in height and weight, his pattern of growth may be normal and healthy for him. A child's development is judged not only by his measurements but also by texture of skin, musculature, blood hemoglobin, and pattern of past growth.

If your child has always been thin and small, and has stayed with the lowest quarter of the average group throughout childhood, he may be completely normal. But if he has been growing at a rapid pace, and then slows down, your doctor might want to investigate the cause.

When does a child grow most rapidly?

Usually in the first year. Then most babies add eight or nine inches to their length. The next most active period is during puberty for the boy, and a few years preceding menses for the girl.

Is there any difference in growth rates of girls and boys?

During the first eight or ten years, the rate is about the same, boys averaging a *little* taller and heavier. But from ten to 13, girls start growing more rapidly, often adding four or five inches a year. Of girls between 11 and 13, fully half will be taller than boys the same age.

The big spurt for the boy usually comes at about 14. He then slows down after a year or two, and reaches full maturity by 18 or 19. Girls, on the other hand, slow down abruptly after their first menses, and have usually reached 96% of their adult height by this time. By 17, with rare exceptions, they have reached their full height.

This general pattern varies, of course. For example, many boys don't shoot up until they are 16. So don't give up hope if your boy is short.

Is there any vitamin pill to speed a child's growth?

For the healthy and well-nourished child, the answer is No. However, vitamin B-12 can speed growth if the child has been on a poor diet and suffers from a lack of this vitamin. Dr. Norman Wetzell, of Cleveland, has shown that by giving it to such a child for two months, you can add an extra six months' growth equivalent. Poor nutrition is the commonest cause of retarded growth; adding calories as well as vitamin B-12 to the diet of an undernourished child will step up the rate of his growth.

Is there any growth hormone to make a child taller?

A hormone that may work for human beings is now in the experimental stage: an extract of the pituitary gland. It works well in increasing the size of certain lower animals, and is claimed to have some effect on children. But thus far it is not generally available.

Can anything be done to stop growth?

This question is most often asked by parents of a girl. She may be growing so fast they fear she will be excessively tall. But many girls who look tall at 12 may not be relatively so tall when they reach maturity. Ordinarily, doctors don't do anything to stop a child's growth unless they find a glandular disorder of the pituitary and there is reason to fear that the child may become a giant. Even then, they will give treatment only after careful study.

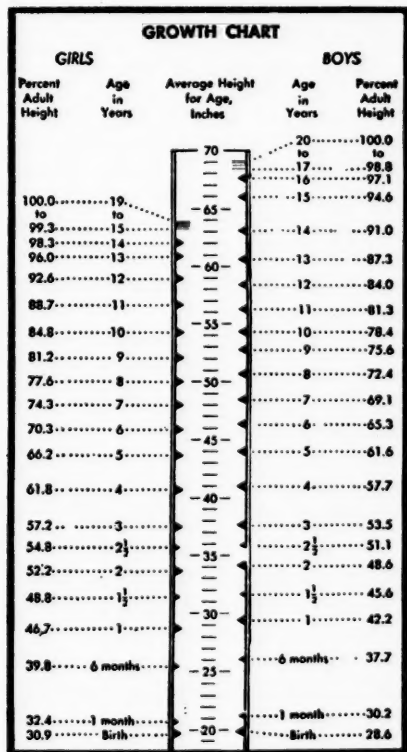
Doctors can prevent a girl's excessive growth by hastening menstruation. The menses bring about closure of the ends of the long bones and put an end to further growth. Special hormones are used to speed the process. But this method of treatment is reserved for special cases and should be directed by an endocrinologist or specialist in gland treatments.

What role does heredity play in growth?

An important one. Heredity de-

termines the basic outlines of a child's growth. If you and your spouse are tall, the chances are that your children will be tall; short parents are likely to have short children. But any individual couple may have both tall and short children because genes inherited from ancestors also play a role in determining a child's growth.

Environment and nutrition together determine the pace. In the last generation, many children, as a result of better nutrition and more



HELP FROM THE HORMONES

A hormone taken from the brains of dead persons is making dwarfed children grow, Dr. Philip H. Henneman of Harvard Medical school reports. One 13-year-old girl, who had been only the size of a 6-year-old, grew nearly an inch in six weeks following treatment. A tumor had damaged her pituitary gland, the organ in the brain which produces growth hormones.

The doctor stresses the fact that his treatment will help only those whose own glands are not producing enough hormones for normal growth. "It won't make anyone grow as tall as he wishes or produce great basketball players," he says.

Washington Post (29 March '58).

outdoor life, have grown taller than their parents.

Most American college freshmen today are taller and heavier than their fathers were when they were the same age.

Are there any other conditions that will affect a child's height?

Yes. Serious infection will often stop a child's growth temporarily. When he recovers, he usually makes up for this loss by rapid growth, but this isn't always true. Serious anemia may also delay growth. Lack of fresh air, exercise, and sunshine all have subtle effects, too.

What about glands? What part do they play?

The endocrine glands of internal secretion control growth. The pituitary, thyroid, and sex hormones interacting on one another and on the body itself determine how slow or fast, and how long, the growth cycle will be.

It is in this field of research that greatest progress is being made. Best results are obtained in children with low thyroid secretion. A midget usually suffers from unusually low thyroid. If it had been detected in the early months of his life, and had been treated with thyroid extract, he would have grown to almost average height.

Can help be given the older child suffering from a low thyroid?

Yes, but it is not always easy to detect low thyroid in older children. Contrary to the popular idea, such children are not always fat. In fact, they are usually thin. The doctor may suspect a low-thyroid condition by noting such associated signs as low temperature, clammy hands, sluggish mentality, and fatigue. But he can be sure only after making a variety of tests.

How does the pituitary gland affect growth?

If it produces too little hormone, it will stunt growth; if an excess, it will overstimulate growth. A pituitary giant may reach a height even beyond seven feet.

Such faulty growth patterns must be carefully studied and treatment given only by a specialist. If a tumor appears on the pituitary gland, X rays can be used to stop growth, but radiation must be carefully done to avoid damage to nearby brain tissue.

How do you tell whether a child is normally short or has something wrong that can be corrected?

When the growth is out of the usual range, the doctor has several clues to the cause. An X ray of the hand will show if the wristbone development is slow for the particular child's age.

We had a ten-year-old boy at the New York University-Bellevue clinic who was the size of a six-year-old and, as shown by his X rays, had the same bone age. Blood chemical studies showed that his thyroid was low. In other children, the defect may be found in the pituitary gland, or sometimes the blood chemistry indicates too little sex-gland secretion.

There has been much talk about sex-gland injections. Are they effective?

In special cases, proper endocrine treatment can help a slow-growing child whose sex gland is underdeveloped. Methyl testosterone will help his growth. One boy of 14 with a ten-year-old bone development was treated, and added five inches and 28 pounds within 17 months.

But still no agreement exists as to

whether the boy wouldn't have reached the same adult height later, without the injections.

Suppose that nothing can, or should, be done for a short child and he is unhappy about his height. How can he be helped to face his problem?

In the first place, make sure of your facts. In most cases, he may be short only for his present age. You can then reassure him that his chances of growing later are very good.

Meanwhile, he has to adjust to being short. He should go in for sports in which height is not important, such as golf, tennis, swimming, and boxing.

If the medical decision is that he will always be short, then you must help him accept the fact. Often, short stature is a stimulus to excel. You can find many examples in history to inspire a youngster.

Where can I go for help with my child's growth problem or to learn the true facts about it?

First, to your family physician or pediatrician. He knows the family heredity, the pattern of growth, and the factors that may have influenced it.

If he decides that growth is abnormal and specialized consultation needed, he will refer you to an endocrinologist or a clinic. Endocrine clinics exist in nearly all large cities and in hospitals associated with medical schools.

The Sunken Treasure of Manila Bay

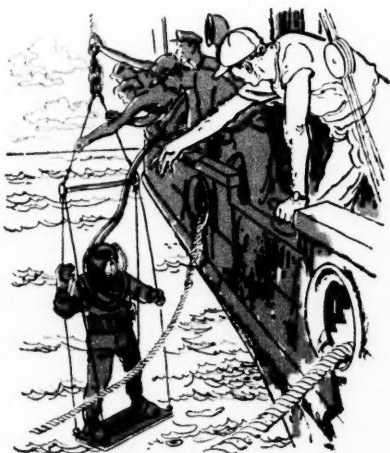
*Five million dollars in silver pesos
lies in rotting wooden boxes*

MORE THAN \$5 million in silver lies in Caballo bay off Corregidor. It is what remains of a treasure estimated as high as \$8½ million which was dumped there to save it from the Japanese invaders in 1942.

Before the Japanese occupied Manila, all available treasure was taken to Corregidor. It included gold bullion, silver pesos, and Philippine securities, in addition to official U.S. documents. The only part evacuated from Corregidor was the two tons of gold bullion, worth more than \$2 million, and 18 tons of silver pesos valued at \$360,000, which had been sent out in the submarine *Trout*.

After the surrender of Bataan on April 9, 1942, Corregidor's days were numbered. The commodity on hand which had by far the greatest value was 350 tons of silver pesos. The idea of blowing up the storage caves was quickly abandoned in favor of dumping in deep water. Caballo bay, south of Corregidor, was ideal for the purpose, with depths ranging to 120 feet.

The treasure to be dumped was



stowed in cloth bags containing 2,000 pesos (\$1,000) each and placed in wooden boxes, each holding three bags and weighing about 300 pounds. The boxes were scattered over a wide area because of Japanese artillery fire. Thus was a king's ran-

Commander Marshall was a member of the 7th Fleet Ship Salvage, Fire Fighting, and Rescue group in 1945, which cleared Manila harbor and worked on the silver recovery.

* Annapolis, Md. March, 1958. © 1958 by the U. S. Naval Institute, and reprinted with permission.

som, estimated at between 14 and 17 million pesos (or \$7-8½ million) dumped into the sea.

More than a fourth of this silver was recovered by the Ship Salvage group of the U.S. 7th Fleet in 1945 and 1946. The Japanese army, likewise, succeeded in recovering a portion of the currency soon after it was scuttled. Nine U.S. navy divers, captured on the fall of Corregidor, were forced to assist their Japanese captors.

At first, by offering high wages, the Japanese were able to hire eight Filipino divers and eight pumpmen. These divers were experienced only in shallow diving. Nevertheless, the urgent need to provide for their families drove them to help the enemy.

A native *casco*, or barge, was fitted out as a diving platform. Captain Takiuti, of the Japanese army engineers in Manila, was placed in charge of the silver recovery and a Mr. Yosobe acted as salvage master. Yosobe was a Japanese who had lived in the Philippines for many years and was married to a Filipina.

On one of the first dives the Filipinos located wooden chests. Soon the boxes were being hoisted aboard the *casco* at the rate of several a day. But from the very start the operation brought misfortune to all participants except the Japanese. The Filipino divers would remain on the bottom too long. Headaches, fatigue, and nausea increased. Two men were stricken with the bends, and died in agony. A third fatality, by

drowning, ended all diving by the Filipinos.

Eighteen boxes of silver worth about \$100,000 had been raised. This small amount whetted the Japanese desire to secure the rest of the fortune. Captain Takiuti started looking for new divers. One obvious source was captured U.S. navy personnel.

Thus, one June night at Cabanatuan, V. L. Sauers, P. L. Mann, M. Solomon, G. McCullough, W. A. Barton, and C. Giglio were ordered to Manila to do salvage work. They were given no choice; but even so they felt that chances for survival were better almost anywhere than at Cabanatuan.

The six divers were quartered with Filipinos on a barge, which for the next four months remained their home and prison.

Because of Giglio's limited training, the other divers decided that he should not dive. Yosobe, with the deaths of the inexperienced Filipinos fresh in his mind, did not require much convincing. After the first two or three days, Giglio remained on the barge. He purchased or stole extra food and did all he could to make life less austere for the group.

After the first day of diving, a few decisions were reached which affected the entire period during which the Americans dived for silver. The diving was obviously very dangerous, because of inadequate equipment, great depth, and a strong tidal current. It was agreed that one dive a

day per man was all that could be safely tolerated. Also, only one box of silver would be brought up about every third dive, or two or three boxes a day. This would be just enough to allay Japanese suspicions. On intervening dives, the men would break up boxes and attempt to get some of the silver for their own use.

One of the men managed to smuggle down a marlinespike. With this, it was easy to break boxes open. The divers hid pesos in their sneakers and diving belts. The coins normally ended up in the buckets of soapy water which are essential in diving operations for lubrication and cleansing.

One day when Barton surfaced, his pesos fell out of his belt onto the deck. The *kempe* (military policeman) saw the whole thing, and a severe beating appeared to be the least that Barton could expect. But the *kempe* scooped up half of the pesos, pocketed them, and walked away chuckling, leaving the rest to be quickly confiscated by the Japanese soldiers.

The incident alarmed the Americans. A more ingenious method of stealing pesos had to be devised. The divers took down discarded canvas gas-mask bags. One bag held more than 1,000 pesos. The bags were brought up at opportune times and hidden; during one particularly good day an estimated 5,000 pesos were stolen. The pesos were used to pay Filipinos for smuggling Japanese invasion pesos, clothing, paint, eggs,

meat, and other items to the divers. Since the divers were allowed to move about on Corregidor, many bags of pesos ended up in the hands of the 300 or more prisoners who now formed the Corregidor working parties. With them, food and even medicines were bought for the weak and seriously ill.

Three other navy divers, R. C. Sheats, C. Anderson, and G. Chopchick, joined the operation on Aug. 3. Up until then, 28 boxes of silver had been raised by the Americans. However, their actual value was less than \$55,000, instead of about \$80,000. The lifting wires had been deliberately fastened off-center and the low end of each box loosened so that coins would fall out.

During the night of Aug. 4, a typhoon struck. The Americans were able to sabotage the diving barge without detection, but it was replaced by Aug. 25.

The Americans were reinforced by a group of six Moro pearl divers, and an equal number of pumpmen from Mindanao. The group leader, however, was not a Moro; he was a renegade Filipino named Sammy in the employ of the Japanese.

It was soon apparent that some of the Moros were not going to abide by an agreement to limit the salvage. Three of them, including Sammy, began bringing more and more boxes to the surface. Whether this stemmed from fear of the *kempes* or from avarice, or both, is not clear. It became obvious to the Japanese that

performance of the Moros was far superior to that of the Americans. When they proceeded to bring up 17 boxes in one day, compared to a maximum of five for the Americans, the Japanese decided to dispense with the services of the prisoners.

This was on Sept. 26. Since July 8, when the original six prisoners began diving, only 97 boxes had been raised. The total amount of silver was only \$220,000; several times that amount was spilled in transit to the surface.

Appearance of silver pesos in the illegal money market became of increasing concern to the Japanese. The silver had a serious effect on the artificially valued paper occupation pesos. The Japanese suspected the American divers, although they could not trace the pesos to them.

In early 1943, the American divers were sent to Manila as stevedores. A year later, after about a month at Bilibid and Cabanatuan, they were all shipped to Japan, where they were released at the end of the war. All survived except Chopchick, who died en route to Japan in a Japanese transport torpedoed by a U.S. submarine.

Meanwhile, the Moros continued to bring up silver. They also stole and spent pesos, with an increasingly injurious effect on the occupation currency.

It is thought that this fact was mainly responsible for the ending of all diving operations during the first week of November, 1942. The

Moros had recovered 257 boxes containing more than 1.4 million pesos worth over \$700,000. Those, with the silver recovered by the Filipino and American divers, totaled 2 million (\$1 million).

In early March, 1945, the Ship Salvage, Fire Fighting, and Rescue group of the 7th Fleet arrived in Manila to clear the harbor. The urgent necessity to move supplies to Allied ground forces precluded any attempts at silver recovery. But, in late May several Filipinos were arrested for secretly attempting to dive for the treasure, and the story broke in the local papers. Recovery operations were ordered at once.

The *Teak* (AN-35) was selected as the diving tender, worked steadily from June 16 to Nov. 12, 1945, and recovered nearly 3 million pesos. She was relieved by the *Elder* (AN-20) on Nov. 17, 1945. This ship was the base of operation for the remainder of the U.S. navy's participation in the silver recovery, which ended April 1, 1946. An additional 2 million pesos were brought up by the divers while aboard the *Elder*. This made a grand total recovered by the navy of nearly 5 million pesos (\$2.5 million).

When the islands became independent, the remaining silver became the property of the Philippine government, which was naturally interested in recovering it to bolster the Philippine Treasury. Up to then, between the Japanese and the U.S. navy, approximately 7 million

pesos had been recovered. This is only half or less than half of the total originally dumped. Only a small portion of the remainder has since been recovered.

Thus, a fortune in silver still remains in wooden boxes in Caballo bay. To date, the Philippine gov-

ernment has been unable to interest any of the large, well-equipped salvage firms in a new venture. Time will make the pesos more and more difficult to find; it appears likely that much of the remaining millions in silver will remain buried in the watery grave.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

One of the best ways to build your vocabulary is to learn certain Latin and Greek word roots.

Our language abounds in words that are made up from these roots; a comparatively small number has given us thousands of English words. Since the root is the core of the word, knowing the root will often give you the meaning, or at least help you determine its meaning from the context.

Ferre in Latin means to bear, to carry. Of the many words built from this root (*fer*), a dozen are listed below in Column A. Can you match them with their meanings found in Column B?

Column A

Column B

- | | |
|------------------|--|
| 1. circumference | a) Bearing in abundance; productive. |
| 2. pestiferous | b) To cry out loudly; "make the voice carry." |
| 3. differ | c) Submitting or "carrying back" a law to a direct vote of the people. |
| 4. vociferate | d) To disagree; to "carry apart." |
| 5. fertile | e) Act of bearing or submitting to another's wishes; courteous regard. |
| 6. afferent | f) Bearing away or discharging, as a nerve impulse. |
| 7. efferent | g) Reproduce in quick succession; to bear new buds. |
| 8. confer | h) To derive by reasoning; to "bring on." |
| 9. proliferate | i) Carrying infection; harmful to peace, morals, or society. |
| 10. referendum | j) Bearing or conducting inward, as a nerve impulse. |
| 11. infer | k) External boundary "carrying around" or surface of anything. |
| 12. deference | l) To bestow; to "carry together" for comparison. |

(Answers on Page 104.)

Non-Catholics are invited to submit questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to The Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What would you like to know about the Church?

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: I was baptized a Catholic when an infant but was never reared in the Catholic faith. I've been studying the Catholic Church, and believe that all its teachings point to the true Church. The problem I have is in regard to the Pope.

I've never been able to understand all the grandeur given to the Pope. As I see it, the Pope should be the humblest of the humble; instead, he rides on a gold chair, and our Lord rode on a donkey. Catholics kiss his feet and our Lord washed the feet of his Apostles. He lives in a palace, and our Lord had no place to lay his head. He is called Most Holy Father, and our Lord called Himself a servant of servants. The Pope sits on a throne, and our Lord, because He is humble, refused this offer given Him by Satan.

I hope you can give me some help on these points of Catholic teaching.

Mrs. C. E. Lowder.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

You know, Mrs. Lowder, that we Catholics consider the Pope to be the successor of St. Peter, the rock upon whom Jesus built his Church. He inherits through a long line of 260 predecessors those "keys of the kingdom of heaven" which Christ gave to the first Pope; he has the power of binding and loosing, of ruling the Church on earth, as Christ's Vicar and representative; and he is the shepherd of the entire flock of Christ, through the appointment given Peter: "Simon, son of John, dost thou love me? . . . Feed my lambs . . . Feed my sheep."

It is important that we the members of the flock of Christ recognize and accept our appointed shepherd, that we appreciate his position and authority, hear his voice and heed his teaching, and pay proper reverence through him to the One whom he represents. We might learn these things from books and sermons; but ceremonies and symbols will teach us better.

We have both body and soul, and our intellect does not operate well without our senses. We understand best what we see, and find it difficult to believe without external evidence. We can form an abstract idea of papal power and position, but that idea is cold and unconvincing compared to the lively impressions of a visit to the Vatican. There you see the authority and dignity of Christ's Vicar proclaimed in sign and symbol which teach and attract.

All the riches and beauties of the world belong to the Lord; He made them to serve his purposes and proclaim his glory. We must not despise them or hold them evil. They can serve us both materially and spiritually, as God made the whole world to serve man. They can make us better and wiser and happier here on earth and help fit us for heaven later. But we can abuse precious and beautiful things, too, even as we can use the base and ugly for our destruction.

Glory, honor, power, dignity, respect, veneration, splendor, and pomp are all good things in themselves. They can impress and edify, bring happiness and joy, teach profound lessons, and lead to sanctity. It is for these purposes that the Church uses them in her ceremonies. But they can also be emblems of pride and vanity, symbols of tyranny and injustice, and implements of indolent luxury.

It is a basic principle of Catholic thinking that all God's creatures are good. Even snakes and poisons have

their purposes. "God saw that all He had made was very good." But the angels could rebel, and man could use God's choice tree, in the middle of the garden, for his own destruction.

In our American minds the royal trappings of pomp and power have long been associated with autocracy, oppression, and despotism. We have seen them often misused, and we are likely to forget, unless we stop to think calmly, that these things can and do serve good and pious and practical purposes. Yet we readily accept the stars of the general and the robes of the judge. We protest that clothes do not make the man, but we know that the stars give force to orders and the robes add dignity to decisions.

Even in a democracy formalities are requisites of human respect. Why does a good officer demand a snappy salute? Why change the guard at Buckingham palace? Why the ceremonies of diplomatic protocol?

Are they so much tomfoolery? Or so many trappings of vanity? We know that they are neither. They can be readily abused, as can all human things; but they are essential to the smooth functioning of human relations.

The Church learned in early centuries the need of ceremony: of vestments, candles, music, and beauty in all its forms; these ceremonies were needed to teach and impress and inspire, to symbolize and emphasize

the deep truths of faith and the needs of man in prayer.

For similar reasons the Church learned in early centuries that there must be ceremonies and symbols attached to an office of authority and dignity; otherwise that office will not be generally recognized. It is true that a strong man will reveal his power in a subtle, unobtrusive manner to those who know him well, or even to those who come into direct

contact with him. And it is equally true that critical courtiers quickly see through the glittering pretense of a weak sovereign, and spread the word abroad. But how many people know the man of authority well enough to discern his hidden power?

Royal splendor, when rightly used, manifests to the people the dignity and authority of the king's office. And though the human element may show through, either sadly or

WANTED: A SUBSTITUTE

I often do not see eye to eye with Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. But I do thank him for the pleasure I got from a phrase he used recently. Dr. Peale spoke (with tongue in cheek) of "Protestants, non-Protestants, and Jews."

Ten thousand times Dr. Peale must have resisted a temptation to suggest the annoyance felt by many Protestants over the use of the expression *non-Catholic* by Catholics. I am glad that he finally yielded. I welcome the chance to say that many of us recognize and deplore the maddening inadequacy of the term.

There are countless things that any person is not, but to define anybody in a negative way is to fall disgracefully short of describing him. Both Protestants and Catholics are non-voodooists, non-fire-worshippers, non-lotus eaters, non-pagans, non-cannibals. But we could go on like that endlessly without saying what a Protestant or a Catholic is.

Protestants believe in God, in the Trinity, in Christ. They believe, most of them, in the fall of man and the redemption, in the efficacy of prayer, in the Ten Commandments. Furthermore, almost all the Protestants I have met practice with heart-warming constancy the love of neighbor and many other magnificent virtues.

To describe such splendid people with the curt *non-Catholic* seems capricious and ill-mannered. I myself swore off the term some years ago when somebody informed me that many Protestants and Jews find it offensive.

Yet I must beg indulgence for those who still use *non-Catholic*. There is no handy substitute. Catholics who use it have not the faintest thought of being invidious. To them, it is simply a verbal device that saves time and space.

From the column *As Matters Stand* by Joseph Breig (28 March '58).

gloriously, he is honored, in principle, not for his personal qualities but because he is the head of the nation, the figure of its power and unity. God grant that either the king or the Pope be a strong and good man personally; but if he fails to measure up, the established dignity of his office may carry him through.

The Bible gives us evidence that God does not repudiate pomp and glory, Mrs. Lowder. When Solomon built the Temple of the Lord at Jerusalem his dimensions were vast and lofty, his construction sumptuous, and his decorations rich with pure gold, "most precious marble of great beauty," "a veil of violet, purple, scarlet, and silk," and "an altar of brass 20 cubits long." The Lord approved all this richness and elegance and was pleased with the sacrifices offered to Him from the splendid midst of it. The glory of the Temple taught the people loudly that the Lord is the greatest and that nothing is too good for Him—in our own love and service, as well as in his house.

While Jesus proclaimed the virtue of poverty by the simplicity of his personal life, He gave evident approval of the splendor of the Temple. He frequently visited it; out of zeal for its sanctity He drove out the money changers; He paid the Temple tax even though not personally obliged; and He praised the poor widow who gave her two mites to its treasury.

In thorough accord with his perfect humility, Jesus was not averse

to showing forth his glory and accepting the homage due his divinity, when such manifestation or tribute served the purpose of his Messianic mission. He took Peter, James, and John up a high mountain with Him that they might see the glory of his Transfiguration. He was definitely pleased with the signs of honor and love shown Him by the sinful woman in the home of the Pharisee. He praised Mary of Bethany for her personal attention to Him, and He strongly defended her when she poured on his head the precious ointment from her alabaster jar.

These are small symbols of honor and glory, of course, but they were far from negligible in the simple surroundings in which they occurred. And even the event which you cite, Mrs. Lowder, as an example of Christ's humility, his riding on a donkey, was actually his greatest public triumph. It was his only open acceptance of the homage due the Messiah, and it was impressive enough to precipitate his trial and execution.

Our Lord rode on a donkey, but He rode in triumph, in the manner the prophets had foretold, while the crowd greeted Him as King and Saviour. In his country the gentle ass was a creature of nobility. With its solemn gait it had given faithful service to the ancient kings of Israel. There were no limousines in those days. It is true that a noble Roman on his powerful horse might have found our Lord's royal mount ridicu-

lous; but that was just as well, since the crowd did not want to give offense to their Roman masters with a parade. But to the leaders of the Jewish nation there was nothing of the ridiculous about it. They recognized it as the symbol of the Messianic triumph of the promised King of Israel, a procession worthy of the Son of David. To them it seemed that "the entire world" had gone after Him.

With their limited facilities the crowd at Bethany and Jerusalem gave Him all the pomp, ceremony, homage, and acclaim they could. They gave their cloaks as a saddle and spread their best garments along the road as a carpet. They cut branches from the trees to garnish his path and carried other branches as symbols of honor and welcome. They crowded round Him singing and shouting out, "Hosanna! . . . The King of Israël!" They ran on ahead in joy and enthusiasm that they might wait to greet Him again and again.

The glorious ceremony of the Pope to which you refer, Mrs. Lowder, his being carried into St. Peter's on his golden chair (which is really not gold at all), is reminiscent and strongly symbolic of the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, and the response of the crowds is in many ways similar. The great difference is that the tribute to the Pope, while aroused by his gracious personality and encouraged by his personal virtues, does not end with him but is

paid through him to the One whom he represents.

On his triumphal day in Jerusalem Jesus accepted the humble homage of his enthusiastic people, and was pleased with it. When some of the Pharisees told Him to quiet his disciples his reply was, "I tell you that if these keep silence, the stones will cry out." In the triumphal ceremony of his Vicar in St. Peter's He accepts similar homage through his representative, and is pleased with it. He accepted the homage at Jerusalem because it was rightly due the Messias; because it proclaimed his mission to the world; because it was a lesson and inspiration to men and served the plans of God. He accepts the tribute to his Vicar because it is an acknowledgment of the office which He established on Peter; because it proclaims his Church and its mission in the world; and because it teaches men and inspires them with love for his mystical Body, the earthly means of their salvation.

In principle, the Popes are humble men, like the Master they represent, and the majority of them have been so in actuality. Daily meditation teaches them that the gentle Saviour whom they should imitate is better known for Calvary than for Bethany; and that they are successors of a rough, blustery fisherman, whose only importance came from the choice of the Master. They never forget that their own most fitting title is the age-old one of "Servant of the Servants of God."

When a good and saintly Pope is carried down the marble aisle of St. Peter's in all the color and splendor of a pontifical procession and receives the enthusiastic acclaim of his people, it may well make him the humblest man alive, deeply aware by painful contrast of his own personal unworthiness. And a holy Pope living amid the historic magnificence of the Vatican may well preserve in his own soul the spirit of poverty, reserving for his own use a few simple rooms, as recent Popes have done, eating frugally, limiting his comforts, working hard, and letting responsibilities crowd out personal friends and normal pleasures.

Both you and I know, Mrs. Lowder, that not all Popes have been like this. Some have gloried in their power and used it ruthlessly for ambition and gain. Some have lolled in their luxuries. And some have built costly monuments to their own memory, grasping to themselves the honors paid to their office. But these were the Popes of sordid periods of history, not likely, we hope, to occur again.

Men, however, remain human in all ages, and the Pope is a man centered in the spotlight, burdened with the highest office, and expected to portray every virtue. Some may again falter. But Christ's Vicar will still be honored.

Whether the Pope is good or bad, whether he humbly accepts homage as due his office, or avidly seeks it for his personal glory, the Catholic peo-

ple demand that proper recognition and respect be paid to the office which Christ established, and through it to Christ Himself. If the ceremonies of St. Peter's were suppressed they would have to be restored because of the pressure of popular petition. If the Vatican did not exist it would have to be built as a necessary symbol of the Pope's position in the world.

It may not seem like a fair way of answering your question, Mrs. Lowder, to ask you whether or not you have ever been to Rome, seen a pontifical ceremony in St. Peter's, or had the memorable thrill of an audience with the Pope. The tenor of your question indicates that you would have to answer No; then I could say: Well, you have never been there, and I have; so I know more about it than you. I might squelch you by such argument, but I would hardly convince you. And yet I must say that I am sure the experience would give you a different attitude.

The first time you would see the Pope carried into St. Peter's amid the blare of trumpets and a blaze of lights, you would probably be overwhelmed with the brilliance of it all, maybe a little annoyed with the noise and crowding informality of the spectators, and certainly impressed by the affable, friendly, gracious, sincere personality of the present Pope. And then, as you became more familiar with the ceremony, you would realize how unforgettable it teaches to all the people

the sanctity and importance of the Church, which Jesus established for our sanctification, and the dignity and authority of the Pope, who is the personal representative of Jesus Christ as the head of his Church.

And the first time you entered the Vatican you would probably be amazed at the size and splendor and complexity of it all, but as you became more familiar with it you would realize that its very antiquity teaches forcibly of the ancient Church which comes from the Apostles, while its vastness and variety point out the universality of the Church which was established for all men of all ages.

Personally I know that having seen the Pope carried in solemn procession on his colorful chair I would not want to see him come into St. Peter's any other way. If he decided to walk—or come on a donkey—I would join the Roman crowd in disappointed protest. And I would feel very sad if the splendor of the Vatican were to be decreased or the colors of the Swiss Guards toned down.

While the Vatican is one of the greatest palaces of the world, it is by

no means a place of personal luxury for the Pope. It houses many of the administrative offices of the Church; has one of the most ancient and valuable libraries in the world; contains a great museum of classical sculpture and medieval craftsmanship, a gallery of precious paintings, rooms decorated by Raphael and other masters, and the Sistine chapel with the famous frescoes of Michelangelo. Most of these things of value and beauty now belong to the world, and are made available to thousands of daily visitors.

Splendor and magnificence can be a mere pretense, a whitened and glorified sepulcher to hide the vacuity or fetidity within. And some persons, recalling sad days of past centuries, think that the pomp of the Pope is like that. But splendor and magnificence are also the good things of God which can be used for his glory and can be external symbols of inner truth which they teach with impressive clarity. They can even be a humble shield for personal poverty, simplicity, and deep spirituality; and with recent Popes that is what they have been.



STITCH IN TIME

One busy morning, it took some time for the doctor to see all the patients in his waiting room. He made a point of apologizing to one of his elderly patients for the delay.

"I don't mind the wait so much, doctor," the man replied. "But I did think you might prefer to treat my ailment in one of its earlier stages."

Modern Medicine (31 March '58).

Life at My Fingertips

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

ROBERT SMITHDAS wasn't born blind, he tells us in his book, *Life at My Fingertips*. He was a happy, healthy child until the age of five. Then came an ominous June day. Butterflies spangled the blue air. A gray cat with yellow eyes slept on a hot wall. By the time the blue Pittsburgh morning had smoldered into afternoon Bobbie awoke from his nap to find himself in the nightmare of pain called cerebral spinal meningitis.

Gray months of pain followed in the hospital. The boy came home at last. He was blind. He also had lost the hearing in his left ear and most of the hearing in his right ear.

But Bob was a great swimmer against adversity. Soon he was feeling objects, turning his fingertips into eyes and ears. Then his voice started to go, because he couldn't hear the sound of his own words.

Bobby's first teacher was his mother. From her he learned the rudiments of letting his sense of touch take the place of sight and hearing. Better still, Mrs. Smithdas taught the boy to trace out the letters of the alphabet. Above all, she gave him the gift of hope and courage.

It is easy to picture the scene. The

mother sits with her arm about the child. The last of his hearing has started to go. She has been reading prayers and Bible stories, pronouncing each word slowly with her mouth held to Bobby's right ear. Then, in his blurring speech, he asks her a question, his sightless eyes turned up to her in complete confidence. "Mommy, can I touch God?"

"I felt her soft reply," says Smithdas. 'Yes, Bobby, you can touch God. If you reach out for Him, my darling, you will find Him at your fingertips, waiting to lead you through the darkness.'

"God at my fingertips—so immediate as that. I was astonished. That night as I lay huddled under blankets, trying as usual to subdue my fear of the dark, I wondered about this strange answer of my mother's. The problem remained unsolved as I drifted into sleep."

About a year later, on his 6th birthday, Bobby entered the Western Pennsylvania School for the Blind, in Pittsburgh. After an agony of loneliness, he began to learn to cope with the world about him. The wonder of Braille brought the world of knowledge to his fingertips.

When, in the 4th grade, Bob lost

the last of his hearing he had to re-adjust himself again. For weeks he lived in terror that never again would he be able to communicate clearly with anyone. But he soon learned the manual alphabet of the deaf.

Years at Perkins institute, in Watertown, Mass., widened and sharpened Bob's awareness. His normal attitude toward life was marked by many friends and certified for himself when he became a valued member of the wrestling team. He was the only completely handicapped member.

A meeting with Helen Keller bolstered Bob's courage for entrance into St. John's college in Brooklyn. Before the triumph of his B.A., he spent the summer at the University of Michigan's School of Special Education for the Handicapped. Like all young men who look forward to the idle delights of summer, Bob hadn't wanted to go to Michigan.

But he went, and there he met Betty, and fell in love with her. Betty was beautiful and good. Though she herself was without physical handicaps of any kind, she felt drawn to this handsome boy who needed love.

Betty readily learned the manual alphabet, and the summer evenings were happy ones: dancing, talking, dining out. The days were like music.

When Bob returned to St. John's, he and Betty wrote to each other constantly. Betty wanted to marry

him, but Bob felt that his two handicaps were one too many until he had proved himself. The story of his courage in breaking with Betty for her sake is unforgettable.

Bob's B.A. was a steppingstone to further studies at New York university and his M.A. degree. He was the first deaf and blind person to go so high in the academic world.

Life wasn't all roses. The death of Bob's mother brought him great sorrow; and he was seriously injured through the carelessness of a blind friend.

A kind-hearted expert from the Metropolitan Opera worked with Bob, teaching him to speak so well that the young man became a public speaker who showed little or no signs that he was either deaf or blind.

Bob's courage is a continuing story. He lives alone in a Brooklyn apartment, where he cooks for himself and entertains his many friends. He also supports himself with a good job in the field of public relations.

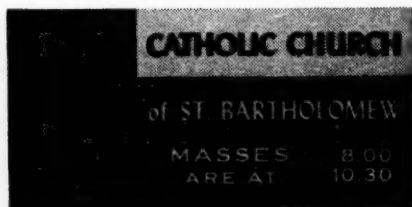
This book is the revelation of a hero's soul. You will find it fascinating and totally unstained with sadness. It will delight you and inspire you. It would be a fine thing for all of us to reach out and make this book the best seller it should be.

Life at My Fingertips is published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York City, at \$4 (only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members). To join the club write to the Catholic Digest Book Club, CD660, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13.

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Road Signs for Churches



Sorry, I can't show the five colors: red, yellow, white, black, green. Everyone, so far, agrees it is simply beautiful.

ALMOST EVERYONE takes some kind of auto trip once in a while. And on such trips you usually find some, or perhaps great, difficulty on Sunday in finding a Catholic church and finding out what time Mass is.

I keep hearing story after story about this. About the man who started a 200-mile drive home one Sunday morning at 6 A.M., hoping to go to Mass on the way, how he came late into one town, early into another, and finally ended up in his own parish church at the 12:30.

It is a bother and quite a universal one. It seems odd that a parish should spend a hundred thousand dollars, and perhaps much more, to build a church and then not tell anyone outside the parish about it.

So we thought pastors and travelers might welcome a highway sign which would tell an autoist and his family that in the town they are approaching there is a Catholic church and what time Masses are. It couldn't be just any old sign. It would have to be the best, and it would have to make use of all the professional knowledge of sign makers.

For example. A car going 60 miles an hour is traveling 88 feet a second. In three seconds it goes 88 yards, almost the length of a football field.

Now, if you place a large sign (say four feet high and eight feet wide) at the side of the highway, your travelers (at 60 miles an hour) will have just three seconds to read it, if they begin to read it 88

yards away. If they don't spot it that far away, they will have less time. Three seconds gives them a chance for a glance; and all you can tell them is that there is a Catholic church and that Mass is at, say, 8 and 10 A.M.

So we had the sign you see on this page designed. Notice that it has the Chi Rho (Greek letters meaning Christ) at the left; then the essential information. Now suppose there were thousands and thousands of those signs along the U.S. highways. Travelers would learn to recognize the symbol and to gain the information even if they were breaking the speed laws at 80 miles an hour.

Then, too, it works all day and all night, for it is done with Scotchlite. It is more beautiful and more legible at night than by day.

I like to think that a family might almost have the children say a Litany of the Saints as they go along: Catholic Church of St. John, of St. Monica, of St. Elizabeth. I think the kids might start saying "Pray for us" of their own accord as they go along.

So we made the sign and we fixed it so that any parish could get two of them (roads go always in two directions) for nothing—well, not exactly, but almost. Of course, as you might guess, it has something to do with the circulation of THE DIGEST. I haven't space here to explain it in detail but I'll be happy to explain it in detail to any pastor or society.

There are thousands of beautiful churches along the nation's highways hidden and unknown to the millions of autoists.

Many of those travelers might stop and make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament if they were alerted by the sign. They would not have to be told they are welcome. They all know they are.

Father Bussard

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